

# ***Leatherneck***

AUG.

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c



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# IN THIS ISSUE

ARTICLES	PAGE
Cold War I .....	12
Western Division Rifle Matches .....	19
Airborne Mule Train .....	24
Malaita Patrol .....	34
Demon III .....	40
Headquarters and Service Company, Marine Infantry Battalion .....	44
Airdale .....	50
Sack Rats .....	58
<b>SPORTS</b>	
Tee Sergeant .....	20
<b>FICTION</b>	
The Tip-Off .....	46
<b>DEPARTMENTS</b>	
Sound Off .....	1
Mail Call .....	4
Bulletin Board .....	10
We - The Marines .....	29
Sky Lines .....	49
In Reserve .....	55
Marine Corps Changes .....	60

## THE LEATHERNECK, AUGUST, 1950

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# SOUND OFF

Edited by

Sgt. Frank X. Goss

FDR

Sirs:

There has been a heated argument here in the barracks as to the burial place of the late President Roosevelt. Some of us say that he was buried in the Arlington National Cemetery and others say that he was buried at Hyde Park, New York.

We would appreciate it very much if you would settle this argument for us.

Pfc J. M. York, USMC  
Balboa, C.Z.

● *Franklin D. Roosevelt is buried at his family home in Hyde Park.—Ed.*

## EYE COMPANY

Dear Sirs,

Some of the boys and I are having a little argument about whether or not there was, or is an "I" Company in the Marine Corps.

I am quite sure that there was "I" Company at Parris Island in June and July, 1948, but the boys have a different opinion. We were wondering if you could please settle this dispute.

Pfc Robert Larsen  
Cherry Point, N. C.

● *Yes, there is always an "I" Company in the Third Battalion.—Ed.*

TURN PAGE

## THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

**C**ORSAIRS on the flight line at NAS Anacostia—a few of the 96 aircraft available to Marine Reserve pilots in the Washington, D.C., area. They are symbolic of the vast resources employed at 27 bases over the nation to keep our Reserve Aviation Program on the ball. Kodachrome cover by Louis Lowery.

# SOUND OFF (cont.)

## THE BLACKMER LETTER

Dear Sirs:

I've just read Pfc Blackmer's letter in the March issue of *Leatherneck* . . . I don't think much of it. I imagine if the D.I.s at P.I. knew of it in time he wouldn't have felt like writing it . . . and I can't see anything wrong with the Marine Corps. If I hadn't been married I would still be in there. As for rates, I don't think a USMC-V should be more than Pfc . . . as for me, I was one for about 19 months . . .

Wm. R. Reeves

Laurel Springs, N. C.

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

Five gets you ten that you receive many letters like that of Charles G. Blackmer . . .

I see, and so did every one else in the barracks, that the editor didn't have a good answer to give, because he knows that what Blackmer said was true in every aspect, so he digs into the records and comes up with the very dull information that said man was shanghaied into several outfits before discharge. I guess the bare truth hurts, doesn't it?

Pfc Frederick W. Gross, USMC  
Camp J. H. Pendleton, Calif.

\* \* \*

Dear Sirs:

I have never written a gripe or a complaint to *Leatherneck* in the seven years that I have been a Marine, but when I was reading the March issue I ran upon Charles G. Blackmer's letter to Sound Off. At first I thought he was an Army Reserve.

I would have liked very much to have had the pleasure of having "Mr." Blackmer come through Boot training with me . . . Not that I regret it, but just for his sake. I can understand why he is so bitter; he isn't a Marine, and never was . . . He had his five transfers and he made Pfc. most likely out of Boot Camp. That is probably the reason why he didn't know he was on duty, like most of the kids in the Marine Corps today.

Without a doubt, it's a good thing he isn't here at Camp Lejeune after making such statements about the Marine Corps. I think the Corps can speak for itself. I know of no other organization that can say the same. And I don't care to find out if there is one.

If I could have him in my section for about three months I'm sure he wouldn't be so down on the training of the Marines . . . but he would probably write to the Chaplain or to

# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

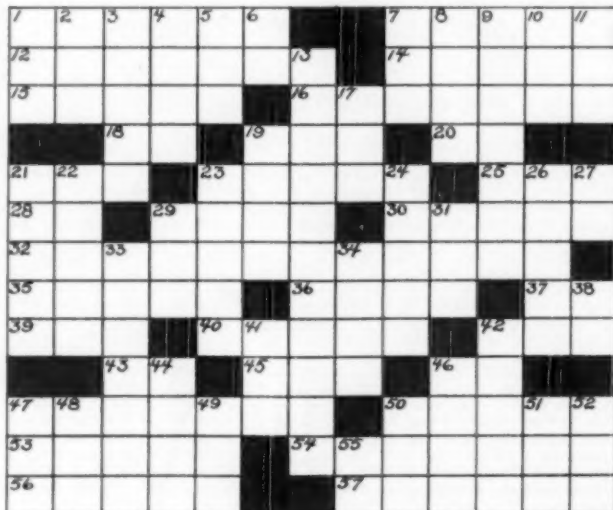


ACROSS

1. Selfish (hyphenated)
7. Garbage
12. Marine rifles
14. Change
15. Four for five—favorite sport of bar-rack's money lenders
16. Miniature M-1 rifle
18. Paid
19. Towboat
20. Article
21. Fixed
23. "Dry" cocktail
25. Shoot the breeze
28. Type measure
29. Guard's cry of welcome
30. Unlocks
32. Names of parts
35. Ogle
36. Black
37. Compass point
39. Fish
40. Penniless type of weekend
42. Marine "wheel" (abbr.)
43. Near
45. Tire mark
46. Nursemaid, father, tyrant, mother, slaver-driver, etc.
47. Combat knife
50. Good (Bobby soxer dial.)
53. Sound off formally to an audience
54. Shores made famous by Marines
56. Creed
57. "Jawbone"

DOWN

1. Outgoing Unit (Nav. des.)
2. Naval Air Station
3. Explode
4. Sick bay sack section
5. Type of woman that attracts Marines
6. 36 inches (abbr.)
7. Battle
8. White (Middle Latin)
9. Bug bayonet
10. Number of general order on saluting
11. Before
13. Rumor
17. Ripen
19. Non-explosive powder
21. Practical intelligence
22. Dramatize one's feelings
23. Decreases
24. Revolving part
26. Concerning
27. Bill of Sale, etc. (abbr.)
29. Objective female
31. Lowest form of humor
33. Native of the East Indies
34. Egg on
38. Marine "gunner"
41. Raw material
42. Two footed mortar mount
44. Carry (backwoods)
46. Sucker
47. Larva of a fly
48. Form of to be
49. Veil
50. Title of respect
51. First name of gin inventor
52. Ritardando (Music abbr.)
55. Red Cross (abbr.)



(Solution on page 60)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)





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Parris Island—Oct. 9, 10

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Sleeve \_\_\_\_\_ Chest \_\_\_\_\_ Waist \_\_\_\_\_  
Yoke \_\_\_\_\_ Hips \_\_\_\_\_ Bottoms \_\_\_\_\_  
Inseam \_\_\_\_\_ Outseam from bottom of  
waistband \_\_\_\_\_  
My Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_



Condensations of letters received  
by Leatherneck appear below. The  
name stated first is that of the person  
wishing to establish contact with the  
last named person or persons.

Virgil E. Huber, Rt. #1, Myerstown,  
Pa., to hear from or about Edmond H.  
West, Jr., from Pleasantville, N.Y.

Pfc Lloyd Tedlock, SMS-15, MAG-  
15, MCAS, Edenton, N.C., to hear from  
or about Pfc Leo A. Fuhrmann.

Mrs. L. H. Lofton, Route 3, Box 154,  
Port Arthur, Texas, to hear from Leo  
K. Perry, who served with her husband  
Sgt. Landry H. Lofton during the war.

Miss Elizabeth Bartholomew, 1132 So.  
25th St., Easton, Penna., to hear from  
anyone concerning the death of Pvt.  
Charles Andrews, Co. "C", Seventh  
Regiment, First Marine Division, who  
was killed on Guadalcanal, October 23,  
1942.

Thomas M. Pierson, 119 W. Live Oak,  
San Gabriel, Calif., formerly of Chi-  
cago, to hear from men who went  
through San Diego in Platoon 584 in  
1943; from men who knew him in VMF  
522 at Congaree Field, S. C.; NATTC,  
Norman, Okla. in class 15A, AMM  
School, Bks 66, in 1944; and in Japan  
with VMR 952, MAG 31, and as an  
MP in 1945-46.

Howard L. Buchner, 27 Webster St.,  
New Haven, Conn., to hear from Sgt.  
William H. Bender, last known to have  
served at the Navy Yard in Charleston,  
S. C.

John Tanase, 13220 Woodward,  
Detroit, Mich., to hear from Holly M.  
Holmes of Los Angeles, or other men  
who served with him in the 1st De-  
fense Battalion.

E. J. (The Beast) Sutton, 14 Wilk-  
shire Pl., Lancaster, N. Y., to hear from  
Corp. K. (Red) Williams, last known  
to have served with the 1st AAA Bn.,  
Camp Lejeune.

George J. Turek, 231 Garfield St.,  
Kittanning, Pa., to hear from anyone  
concerning the present address of  
Francis A. (Boston Blackie) Leonard,  
formerly with Ordnance Company,  
Seventh Service Regiment in China  
and on Okinawa.

Peter Stankiewicz, 931 N. Wolcott  
Ave., Chicago, Ill., wants information  
concerning the whereabouts of Jacob  
(Jabbe) Jareb, last known to have  
served with the 1st Bn., Fifth Marines,  
First Marine Division, in Tangku,  
China.

Major General W. P. T. Hill, U.S.  
Marine Corps, c/o Headquarters Ma-  
rine Corps, Washington 25, D.C. would  
appreciate hearing from any of the  
U.S. Marines who were members of  
the First Marine Aviation Force,  
Northern Bombing Group or the mem-  
bers of the First Marine Aeronautic  
Company during World War I. The  
Northern Bombing Group served in  
France and the First Marine Aero-  
nautic Company did submarine patrol  
in the Azores Islands.

END

## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 2]

his Congressman and cry on their shoulders.

The poor kid! I wonder if he had to clean a Head.

Sgt. C. E. Trammell, USMC  
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

\*\*\*

Dear Sir:

In reference to Charles G. Blackmer's letter in the March issue of *Leatherneck*, I would like to say that first of all, I never thought a letter like that would be published. Secondly, I have never read a more truthful letter.

I, myself, have been in the Marine Corps a little over two years and you can bet I'm counting my days to get out.

In your answer to his letter, I don't see the connection that he received his 30 days leave and also made Pfc. This fact has no bearing on his letter. What's the matter, couldn't you answer his letter without getting salty, or couldn't you find anything wrong with his letter either? Do you have to be a career man or agree to ship over before you rate 30 days leave and make Pfc?

And by the way, no one has, as you put it, made me mad while I've been in the Marine Corps.

If you ask me, Blackmer is the only one in step. Why not take a poll sometime just for laughs and see what percentage of the men are in step with you and a few more diehard career friends of yours. I think you'll find more men counting their days than those shipping over. And when they get out, they'll stay out. Start with Parris Island.

Another Proud Civilian, to be  
Corp. R. E. Cunningham, USMC  
Parris Island, S. C.

\*\*\*

Dear Editor:

I am sorry that I have to use you and your column as a sounding board but a letter in Sound Off got me and I just had to blow off steam. If you don't publish this letter please send it to Mr. Blackmer:

Dear Mr. Blackmer:

In your letter . . . you expressed your dislike for the Marine Corps and said in choicely picked words that the Corps was no — good. Now I wish to take this opportunity to express my dislike for you and people like you.

I am in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve and have had no previous military service due to family difficulty.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)



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IN YOUR  
POCKET



A192

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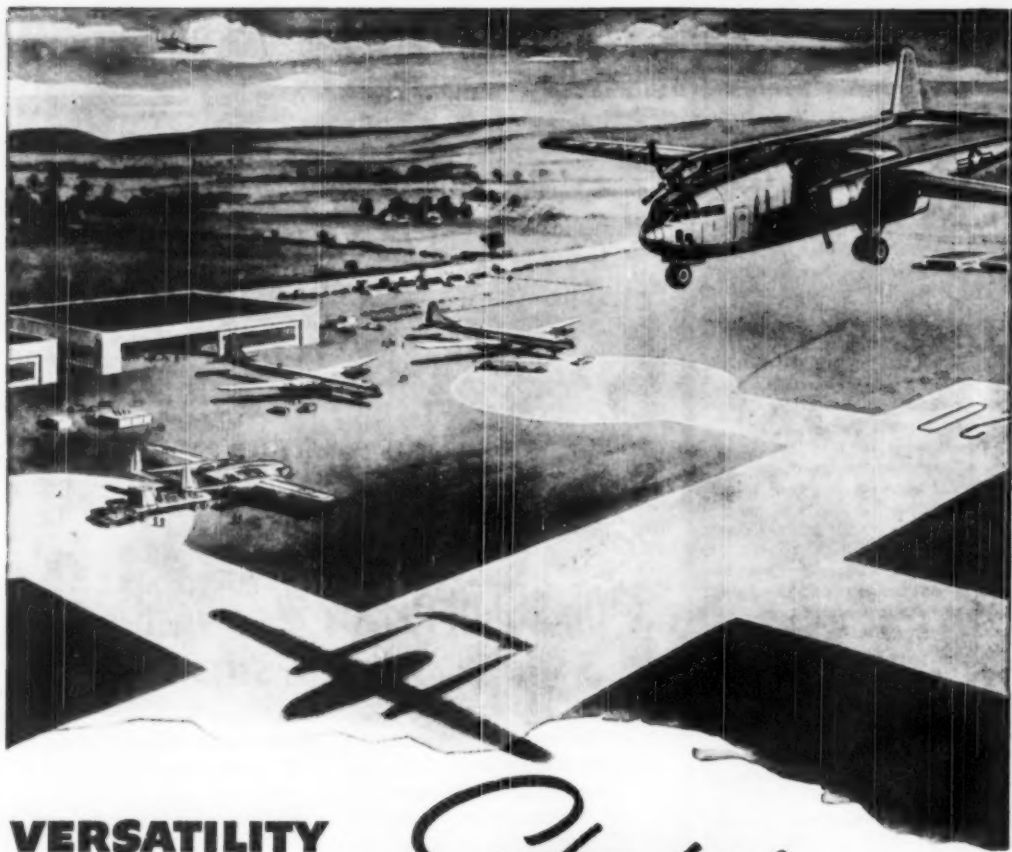
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## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 5]

But I know something about the Marine Corps and have two maneuvers under my belt and a third coming up. During those two weeks we work, even though some people may think otherwise. We keep long hours, do hard work and get up at five o'clock in the morning. I don't think anybody likes to do any of the three things I have mentioned. My buddies and I have griped and said, "never again," and now the third maneuver is coming and everybody who went before is going again.

Mr. Blackmer, I think that you have no right with your year of service during peacetime to pass judgment upon the Corps. I certainly have no right, but since you have ventured to speak your piece I hope you choke on it.

True, during your year of service you witnessed confusion; I have, but we always got where we were going and got the job done. Wherever you go, if you look closely you'll be surprised at the confusion you'll find. As far as the value of this type of organization during wartime I think that if you look at the rolls of our honored dead and at the accomplishments of the Corps on the land, sea, and in the air, it might prove the value of this organization.

I resent the insinuation of Communism in the Corps and suspect that you yourself might have Communistic tendencies because of your willingness to destroy an organization that is always prepared to fight on a moment's notice for its country's liberty.

As far as glorifying a military service, it is hard not to uphold the honor, the traditions and the legends that have been left to certain military organizations by the men who have gone before us.

War is not glorious, but it is a science. It is barbarous but not medieval. It is modern; it is human; it is a living thing, because of the people it involves. It will always exist no matter what anybody says.

The world does not revel in war or else it would not spend millions of dollars trying to prevent it. But men and nations are strange things.

As far as the need for the Marine Corps, picture it as a club in a guard's hand, always ready. Take this club away from a guard and he will have one less weapon with which to defend himself and the property he is guarding.

A Proud Marine Reservist  
Pfc John J. Sexton, USMCR

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Having just read a letter written by a former Marine, and I use the word after thinking twice, in your Sound Off column, I feel compelled to write my feelings toward the Corps.

The letter I mention was written by one Charles G. Blackmer who it appears does not fully appreciate the honor of having worn the uniform of the U. S. Marines.

I, too, am just a one year man, entering the Corps under Selective Service just at the end of the war. I do not wish to make excuses for my short tour of duty but I will say it was my fifth attempt to get into the service.

After serving Boot at Parris Island, S. C., I was stationed at the Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, for the remainder of my tour.

So you see, I'm really a guy who was lucky enough to climb on the gravy train and really have no right to say that I was in the Marine Corps and put myself beside men who served in the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, or Sixth Marine Divisions, or one of the many ships of the U. S. Navy, or stations throughout the world.

But I consider it an honor and privilege to have worn the same uniform that these men have worn and are still wearing.

The history of the Corps is enough to make any man—now serving, or a former Marine—throw his shoulders back and stick out his chest. My feelings would make it possible for me to write page after page of praise for the Corps, its officers, and enlisted men.

You see, Editor, after reading the bilge that this Blackmer wrote, I felt that I had to Sound Off and let you know that all short time men do not have the same feelings.

Well, now that I have that off my chest, a little about myself: I am now a Mail Carrier in sunny California and read the *Leatherneck* before delivering it to one of my patrons. This must cease so please put my name on your list of subscribers and send me the bill . . .

This will be all for now. I hope that my Sounding Off hasn't bored you, for I never was much for letter writing. Hoping that you will fill my order for the *Leatherneck* I remain, a civilian and a proud former Marine.

Charles W. Fitzpatrick

Azuza, Calif.

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

I am a one year man and I am writing this in reply to a letter in the

**NOW—**

**Brighter Shines**

**WITH**

**1/2 THE RUBBING**



*Because it Recolors and  
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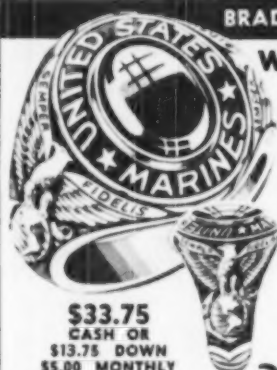
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TURN PAGE



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## SOUND OFF (cont.)

March issue of *Leatherneck*; the kids in my barracks feel we owe Mr. Blackmer a letter.

I think anyone who has spent time in the Marine Corps and feels that way about it isn't a man because it takes a man to make a good Marine. I think the Marine Corps is one of the best organizations in the world, if not the best. They haven't been beaten yet and they never will be. If you aren't always goofing off you get along okay. Of course, there is always the ten per cent of Mamma's Boys.

You sometimes hear the guys arguing but let someone say something about the Corps and they are on hand to take up the matter.

I can't say what I would like in this letter but maybe this will give you "Proud Civilian" a rough idea.

Pfc J. C. Shores, USMC

Camp Lejeune, N. C.

\*\*\*

Dear Sir:

After reading Charles G. Blackmer's letter . . . I also feel "compelled" to write, not a gripe, but in hopes of setting Mr. Blackmer straight.

Mr. Blackmer, you say that during your hitch in the Marine Corps you witnessed nothing but confusion and disorder. Just what do you mean? One of the definitions given in Webster's Dictionary for "Disorder" is, "Neglect of order or system." Mr. Blackmer, without order or system the Marine Corps couldn't control the promotions, transfers, discharges, and personal problems of about 88,000 men. Yes, they couldn't have discharged you if we were lacking in order. Numerous examples could be cited in defense of your use of the words, "confusion, disorder, inefficiency, anything but constructive training," and your reference to the Marine Corps as a "parasitical organization." The reference I will give you is taken from the speech read to Marines on the tenth of every November:

"In every battle and skirmish since the birth of our Corps, Marines have acquitted themselves with the greatest distinction, winning new honors on each occasion until the term 'Marine' has come to signify all that is highest in military efficiency and soldierly virtue."

I don't know who is calling cadence for you, but you are really out of step. I don't know what your definition of "constructive training" is but can't you honestly say that during your short hitch in the Marine Corps you benefited from something? If not, just

# 1775...

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE a comprehensive account—with lots of pictures and art work—of what we Marines have been doing for the past 175 years, captured and at your fingertips?

Interested? Well, here is what is in store for you: The entire November issue of the *MARINE CORPS GAZETTE*—the Anniversary issue—will be devoted exclusively to a number of interesting and authoritative articles dealing with such subjects as personalities of the Corps, expeditions, battles, the Marine Band, uniforms, weapons and equipment, duties of the commandants, and many, many other features.

Sounds like a big order, doesn't it? Well, it is a big order. We have been working on this issue since last January and we can say without fear of contradiction that this is going to be the most outstanding single issue ever printed. Everybody is going to want a copy for a souvenir, something to keep for years to come. To be sure of your copy, subscribe today. Extra copies may be scarce, but if you are a subscriber you are guaranteed your copy. Just write on the back of a penny postcard: Sign me up for . . . years. If you like, we will bill you later. Be sure and give your correct mailing address. Mail the card to:

THE MARINE CORPS GAZETTE  
Box 106, Marine Corps School  
Quantico, Virginia

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24 issues for \$1.50

# 1950

where did you go through Boot Camp? Here is an example of "constructive training." The training centers for Marine Boots couldn't help but place in you something that made you a better individual.

True, war and death is not glorious, but we do give credit to our fellowmen in uniform. Were you ever taught the meaning of the phrase "esprit de corps?" Then you would find out what makes a Marine a Marine. Our world today does glorify peace, but can you shoot a rabbit without ammunition? George Washington once said, "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving peace." Can you doubt him?

Remember Mr. Blackmer, "Don't tread on us!" Some of us are Marines and proud of it.

A Proud Marine

Pfc Jack W. Davis, USMC  
Cherry Point, N. C.

● The above letters are only a few of the many we have received in regard to Blackmer's vilification of the Corps. We enjoy printing letters of the Blackmer type because of the many responses they evoke. Truly, as it is suggested in a few of the above letters, our answer to Blackmer left a great deal unsaid, but in publishing his letter we knew our readers would step into the breach with adequate comments. Actually, we considered Blackmer's letter entirely unjustified, illogical and lacking proof in every respect.—Ed.



#### GUNG-HO, YOU ALL

Dear Sirs,

Will you please tell me how many men there were in the Confederate Marine Corps? How many were in at the end of the Civil War and who was their commander? Did they fall under the command of General Robert Edward Lee, C.S.A.? Are there any Confederate Marines alive today?

William Ralph Bennett  
Bakersfield, Calif.

● By an act of the Confederate Congress in Montgomery, Ala., on March 16, 1861, the Confederate States Navy and the Confederate States Marine Corps were established. The CSMC was to have a strength of 682 officers and men and be organized into six companies of equal strength. In May

the authorized strength was increased to 990 officers and men. The Commandant of the Confederate Marine Corps was Colonel Lloyd J. Beall. His Headquarters was in Richmond, Va. Four companies of Marines manned the Drewry's Bluff battery on the James River, guarding the water approach to Richmond. On April 2, 1865, the forts on the James River were evacuated and a Naval Brigade was formed of 300 Sailors and 335 Marines from the Marine Battalion. The men were attached to General Custis Lee's division of General Ewell's Corps and formed the rear guard for the retreat from Richmond. On April 6, the Confederate forces were brought to bay and there was a battle at Sailor's Creek. Ewell and his entire Corps were captured. When Ewell passed the word that he had surrendered, the contingent of Marines and Sailors were the only ones whose lines had not been penetrated that day by Federal troops and they were still holding the position that had been assigned them that morning. This naval contingent was the last of Ewell's troops to surrender. Not much information is available concerning the accomplishments of the CSMC but Major G. W. Van Hoose, who conducted a study of the CSMC more than 20 years ago, unearthed a report written by the Confederate Secretary of the Navy in Nov., 1864, which stated: "The condition of the Marine Corps, its officers, material, and discipline, is creditable to the country. While it furnished the necessary guards for ships and stations, detachments from it have been frequently employed in special and hazardous service and their conduct has been uniformly distinguished for discipline, steadiness and courage." After considerable research the major said, "There is nothing in the records derogatory to their professional merits, their gallantry, or their fidelity." So far as we know, no Confederate Marines are living—Ed.

#### NEPTUNE CERTIFICATE

Sirs:

I would like to know if you could give me any information as to how I can get my certificate for crossing the Equator. The certificate I received at the time was lost overseas and I would like to know where I may be able to get another. Any information you can give me on this matter will be greatly appreciated.

H. E. Markwell, Jr.  
Kansas City, Mo.

● For the benefit of Shellbacks with a similar problem, Neptune Certificates are available through Our Navy Magazine. Write: Our Navy, Inc., 1 Hanson Place, Brooklyn 17, N. Y.—Ed. **END**

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# BULLETIN

## Naval Reserve Medal

ON and after July 1, 1950, Naval Reservists must be active in the Naval Reserve program to continue eligibility for the Naval Reserve Medal. Any break in continuity will cancel all previous satisfactory service toward the ten-year requirement.

New regulations of the Bureau of Naval Personnel state that Reservists must apply to the Chief of Naval Personnel upon completion of ten years of "continuous" inactive service, including training duty. Periods of active duty will not count as breaking the continuity of "inactive" service, and will not count as "qualifying" service.

All honorable service, active or inactive, as a member of the Naval Reserve prior to July 1, 1950, may be counted for qualifying purposes. However, after July 1, Reservists must perform at least 90 per cent of annual training duty periods and drills, or equivalent instruction, or duty prescribed for them or the Reserve organization to which attached, in order to continue eligibility.

Reservists released from active duty must immediately become active in the Reserve program to continue eligibility. In addition, officers must have received no unsatisfactory entries in their fitness report and enlisted personnel must have no disqualifying marks entered in service records. Personnel who perform the prescribed number of drills for any year without receiving pay and allowance will not be required to perform training duty for that year in order to continue eligibility for the medal.

In lieu of the above requirements, outstanding service throughout the required qualifying period may be accepted upon the recommendation of the Naval bureau or office concerned. This is defined as the producing of convincing evidence of the performance of voluntary Reserve activities without remuneration comparable in value to the requirements of drill attendance and training duty required for other members of the Naval Reserve.

Attendance at drills and performance of training duty while in the Marine Corps Reserve may be counted toward the Naval Reserve Medal if the applicant has been appointed or enlisted in the Naval Reserve within three months of separation from the Marine Corps Reserve, and provided that a Marine Corps Reserve Medal has not been issued for any portion of the time included in the application.

For each additional ten years of qualifying service, the Chief of Naval Personnel may authorize the wearing of a bronze star on the ribbon.

## Housing Project Approved

Quantico, Va.—The Secretary of the Navy has approved the Marine Corps Schools' housing project for 450 dwellings, the Public Works Officer announced recently.

The project, made possible by recent legislation whereby housing can be constructed and operated on government land by private builders for occupancy by service personnel, is one of the few authorized by the Secretary of the Navy to move ahead at this time because of the critical shortage here.

Twenty-one builder-operators have been invited to submit proposals in which each will set forth his plans for the project. Final selection of the builder will be based on low rent, desirable arrangement, and permanency of construction.

It is expected that first occupancy will take place about December. The development will contain one, two and three bedroom units for both officers and enlisted personnel. Rentals for enlisted personnel, including utilities, will not exceed \$67.50. Top rental for officers has not been settled.

## Transfer Of General Officers

GENERAL officers to be transferred this month are: Colonel John C. McQueen, recently selected for brigadier general, from 12th Marine Corps Reserve District, San Francisco, Calif., to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D.C. Colonel George F. Good, Jr., recently selected for brigadier general, from Second Marine Division, Camp Lejeune, N.C., to commanding general Troop Training Unit, Atlantic, Little Creek, Va.

## We're Sorry . . .

A typographical error in June *Leatherneck's* Bulletin Board was responsible for misinformation concerning the terminal date for the issuance of the Honorable Service Discharge Emblem. The correct terminal date is December 31, 1946, not December 21, 1946, as misstated.



# BOARD

## Use Of Sulfanilamide Discontinued

ALL Marine Corps personnel are directed to discontinue the use of sulfanilamide contained in the Packet, First Aid, Stock No. 57-P-295 by Marine Corps Memorandum No. 33-50.

The component packet of sulfanilamide powdered, five grams, will be eliminated from the Kit, Medical, Jungle, Individual, complete, Stock No. 57-K-420. The component packet should be removed from all kits and destroyed.

Commanding officers are directed to inform all personnel under their commands of the foregoing information and are responsible for the collection and disposal of the sulfanilamide.

## Second Marine Division Association Plans Convention

LIEUTENANT General Julian C. Smith, LUSMC (Retired), president of the newly organized Second Marine Division Association, has announced that the association's first annual convention will be held in Washington, D. C., August 11-13. Convention headquarters will be at the Hotel Mayflower.

Activities planned during the assembly will include sightseeing tours, boat excursions, unit parties and a banquet.

Association members will receive by mail a program with complete details and registration cards for hotel accommodations. The president urged former members of the Second Marine Division, from the time of its activation until its return to the U. S. following occupational duty in Japan, to join the association and attend the convention.

Membership may be obtained by writing to the Secretary-Treasurer, Second Marine Division Association, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington 25, D.C. Only registered members of the association will receive correspondence concerning convention plans.

## Personnel Policy Established By Department of Defense

"Success in modern war requires of the Department of Defense the maximum effective management of one of our most valuable national assets—the men and women of our armed forces. To this end the following objectives of a military-personnel policy are stated:

"1. Development of professional competency through policies that provide for the efficient utilization of human aptitudes, interests, skills, and physical characteristics.

"2. Development of a high state of morale through competent leadership at all levels.

"3. The Department of Defense requires from each serviceman:

Unswerving devotion to the United States in accordance with his oath of allegiance; Respect for constituted authority;

Diligent performance of duty;

High standards of personal conduct;

Respect for individual dignity and integrity;

Development of his own potential abilities and of those who come under him.

"4. Service in the armed forces is the highest form of public service. It requires curtailment of individual freedom more severe than that required of civilians and commitment to immediate participation in military action if the situation demands it.

"5. Therefore, it will be the military personnel policy of the Department of Defense to:

Afford the highest mental development through military training in accordance with the highest standards of military skill;

Offer opportunity for spiritual and moral development;

Promote physical well-being through the provision of food service, medical care, clothing, equipment, and shelter;

Provide adequate remuneration during a military career and a measure of economic security upon its honorable completion;

Render all practicable assistance to provide for the general well being of dependents of military personnel;

Provide readily accessible guidance on personal problems;

Provide opportunities for advancement with encouragement and inducement to take advantage of them;

Insure opportunity to increase individual ability by appropriate training and education;

Provide information on citizenship, American ideals, and current events to the end that each man realizes his personal responsibility for the general welfare;

Afford a variety of opportunities to engage in wholesome and interesting recreational pursuits during off-duty time; Provide adequate periods of relief from military duty;

"6. The application of the policies enunciated above is intended to accomplish the following:

Develop in the individual man and woman of the armed forces the maximum effective military competence, and . . . enhanced personal dignity and self-respect."

LOUIS JOHNSON



# COLD WAR I

by TSgt. Ray Lewis

Leatherneck Staff Writer

## The FBI fights in the front lines of an undercover war

**C**OLD WAR I was fought underground. Although it lasted for nearly 20 years, little publicity was given to the assistance of a small army of men fighting in one of the longest, dirtiest battles ever waged on an international scale. Every trick and device of a clever enemy was thrown into the struggle. The goal—the future of the United States.

Unlike individuals and units of the Armed Forces, this carefully selected civilian group received no decorations but they can be credited with assistance in victory for America before a single shot was fired on our side.

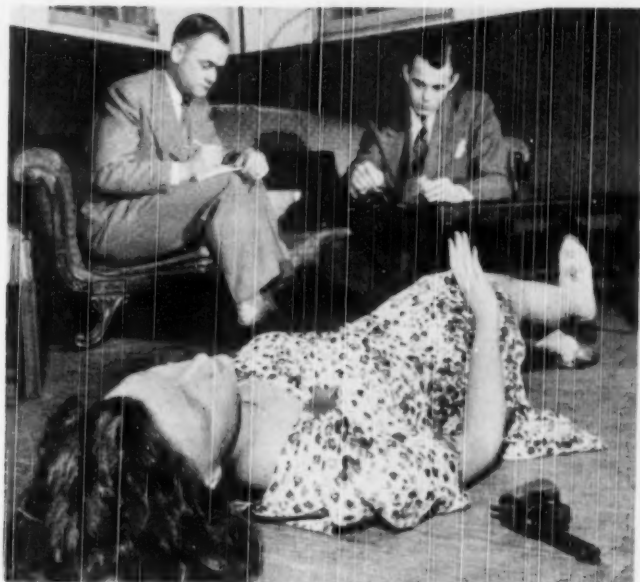
They risked danger in raids against operators whose capture meant death, they were given assignments away from home and family for months at a time, kept day and night schedules, and worked more than a million hours of overtime a year. To these men, the Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, must go





**Photos by Louis Lowery**

Leatherneck Photographic Director



Gertie, the much murdered manikin, has been done in again, and Marine TSgt. James C. Venable, a student at the FBI National Academy, with a Special Agent (name withheld) gets practical experience solving the "crime"

an equal share of credit, with the Armed Forces, for keeping the term "Heil Hitler!" from our textbooks, and "Deutschland Uber Alles!" from replacing "I pledge allegiance to the flag . . ."

Blueprints of new bombing planes disappeared from a Long Island aircraft factory. Little packages, oddly written messages, and maps from America were transported by a redheaded girl and her male accomplice on board the S.S. *Europa* to a busy office in Hamburg, Germany. Key designs of new American aircraft factories were transmitted to Nazi intelligence officers in Bremen. Eighteen thousand Bundists and their friends heiled Hitler and waved swastika flags in Madison Square Garden.

This was '36!

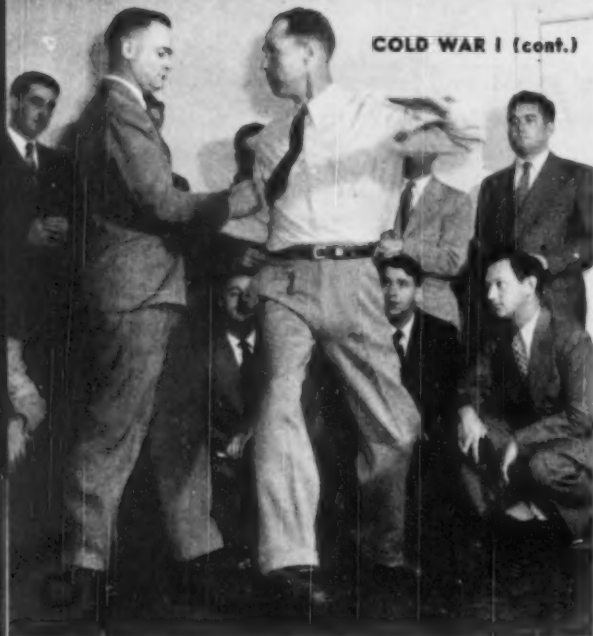
The Nazi goose-step was an amusing newsreel novelty. The people of Manchukuo had felt the oppressive

**TURN PAGE**

Off duty while firing the FBI Range at Quantico, Marine Venable bones up on fingerprint lore. National Academy men take same training as the FBI Agents



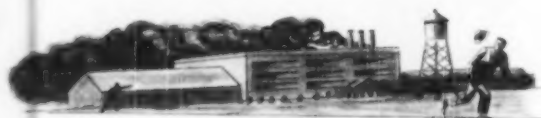
## COLD WAR I (cont.)



Except in training with these dummy weapons, the FBI never draws without intending to shoot. Venable jammed a weapon into the Special Agent's back and got the disarming treatment



Venable, at 25-yard barricade simulating corner of building, learns to deliver an accurate and lethal fire with either hand



Special Agents shoot only in self defense, then they shoot to kill. Hip-shooting and a fast draw are essential at close range.

heel of the invading Japanese. Thousands of these "Sons of Heaven" lived in the United States. They displayed interest in the locations of our industrial plants, our shipyards and our inventions. But FBI Agents were aware; they learned about these undercover enemies as their widespread counter-espionage network gathered momentum—and bits of information from Europe, South America and the Orient.

A Japanese laundryman in Seattle played host to Prince Konoye's brother. Down South a man sought desperately to get the confidential maps of Panama Canal fortifications.

Special Agents worked feverishly to flank the forces of enemy intelligence. They knew spies were operating in the United States but sufficient evidence had to be gathered, and presented, to convict them in an American court.

Alert Special Agents found valuable significance in a nickname, an address, a drunken boast, the sly insinuations of foreign "tourists."

Americans were busily digging out from under a serious economic depres-

sion. Their thoughts were on prosperity, reputed to be "around the corner." The word "spy" still suggested Mata Hari—and a Garbo movie. The public assumed, when it thought or read about the FBI, that the organization was interested only in mopping up the remnants of the criminal underworld after the abrupt exit of John Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "Baby Face" Nelson, and "Machine Gun" Kelly.

When the first enemy spies were arrested in this country early in '38 (the "Rumrich Case") American's showed genuine concern—along with German Intelligence circles; 14 agents in German diplomatic services fled the country. Nazi spies, operating as messengers to the U. S. were plucked from ships before they sailed for American shores. Nazi intelligence officers at Bremen worried about how much the FBI knew of their "secret" work in this country. The German-American Bund prepared to dig underground and Japanese spies concealed their interest in U. S. military and naval bases.

It was apparent that the most effec-

tive counterspy results would be achieved by checking the movement of enemy agents. Little would be gained by the arrest of spies after they had damaged vital sources of war materials. It was necessary to know the innermost workings of enemy espionage—the extent of spy networks, the plans for causing damage in our country through sabotage, and foreign interest in highly confidential military information. Prevention was a far better safeguard than conviction.

The late President Franklin D. Roosevelt recognized the impending danger. In the Summer of 1939 he named the FBI a clearing house and coordinating agency for all matters concerning our internal security.

Special Agents of the FBI surveyed 2300 industrial plants which were beginning to turn out implements of war. Other Agents gathered and wove the threads of enemy espionage together to reveal a definite pattern of Axis spies making a desperate effort to "dig in" before the shooting war began.

When Germany smashed into Poland



on September 1, 1939, this country realized the significance of the sudden move. A General Intelligence Conference was created immediately with the heads of Military and Naval Intelligence Divisions and the FBI empowered to establish procedures on America's internal protection.

Police conferences were held throughout the nation to unite the entire law enforcement front for the showdown. The survey of war plants was speeded up and specialized training in counter-espionage was ordered for all FBI Agents. More FBI men and equipment

for the bureau were authorized by Congress. Posters and pamphlets urged the public to cooperate.

FBI Agents smashed two well-knit elaborate spy systems in this country, but the Axis was determined to get vital information. It concentrated on its systems, set up in South America—and almost succeeded with plans to thrust the Nazi knife into Brazil.

The German General Staff planned a direct attack on American defenses in the Caribbean. German and Japanese planes would attack the Panama Canal, Colombian seaports and exposed

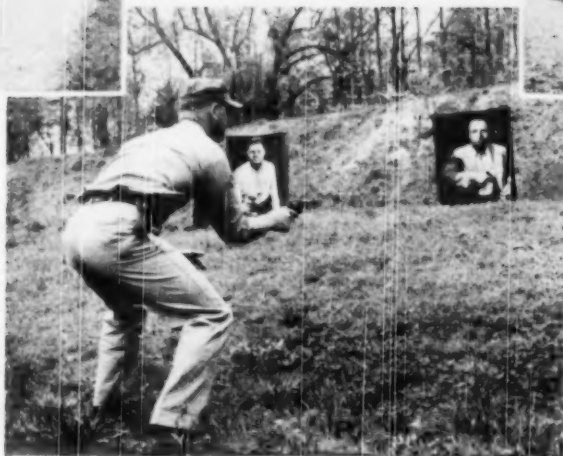
overland pipelines. Nazi storm troops would pour into Colombia and Venezuela from a fleet of 1000 huge submarines. The narrow channel in Dutch Guiana would be blocked by a sunken boat, cutting off 60 per cent of vital minerals necessary to United States industries. Reports came in that the 200,000 Japanese in Brazil were arming.

The Germans laid plans to smash transportation if Chile suddenly broke with the Axis. A paralyzing strike in the Bolivian tin mines was traced to a German consul. Slowdowns, fires,

**TURN PAGE**



In the prone position, Agents can fire the .38 accurately at 200 yards. This Marine learns to keep feet together to offer smaller target



Agents go down an "alley" beside "apartment house." Targets pop up. Agent must, in two seconds, recognize wanted criminal, and shoot him if man is drawing gun



The FBI usually depends on accuracy rather than fire power—but students learn to lean into the Tommy gun, too





TSgt. Venable shoots the breeze with two former Marines in the first week of FBI training. "Like boot camp," they say.

Men who join the ranks of the elite corps of the law live the principles of their FBI seal: Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity



and other destructive devices hindered workers on United States bases in Brazil.

While bombs were still falling on the U. S. Pacific Fleet, the Honolulu office of the FBI called headquarters at Washington, D. C. Immediately, the nationwide plans of the FBI went into action. Every employee of the Bureau from Juneau, Alaska, to San Juan, Puerto Rico, was alerted. Within an hour every agent and employee in the field offices was on his post and knew his job. FBI manpower supplemented 150,000 law enforcement officers to crack down at the slightest move which hinted at sabotage or attempted uprisings of enemy fifth columns.

All Japanese known to be dangerous were immediately apprehended; Japanese were restricted from planes; Japanese communications in and out of the U. S. were stopped. All press

←  
Former Marine officer, left, now a lab technician, serological section, shows Venable a test of murder victim's shirt



The diorama: a model of an American city. Instructor at the National Academy explains raid problems to Venable. Agents

may know where man is holed up, but they must also throw up road blocks; take people with heart trouble out of area

services to occupied China and Japan were cut off. Protective guards were established at the German, Italian, and Japanese Embassies in Washington and at their consulates throughout the country. Their mail and telephone services were cut off, their funds were frozen.

On the day following Pearl Harbor 1771 dangerous enemy aliens had been arrested and delivered to the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service for detention. When formal declarations of war were announced, FBI Agents made large scale arrests of German and Italian aliens who were under suspicion or known to be dangerous. Precision and care keynoted these arrests leaving no room for talk of the so-called "witch hunts" of World War I. So calm and orderly were the arrests that the fears of honest, patriotic aliens were quieted.

American spirit rocketed from sub-zero to the boiling point when Pearl Harbor was bombed. A united nation was ready to go to war—but its materials were not. Months would be necessary to change millions of tons of

raw materials to guns, planes, tanks and ships to defeat the Axis with its seven-year lead.

Industrial leaders never doubted that we could turn out the equipment if we had the time and material, the manpower and *unmolested* machinery. But they knew that wartime sabotage in certain key plants producing scarce materials could bottleneck the entire war effort. FBI recommendations for plant security were reexamined with new interest by plant managers. World War I had taught industrialists that American arsenals, railroad yards, ships and factories, would be blown up if saboteurs were not detected.

When two Nazi U-boats crept into American waters in June, 1942, eight highly-trained German saboteurs were landed on the East Coast of the United States. Their Nazi superiors had given them explicit instructions: Blow up the Hell Gate Bridge in New York. Cripple critically needed aluminum plants. Start fires in large crowded department stores with incendiary pencils. Place time bombs in railroad station lockers. Spread terror and make it appear as

though thousands of saboteurs were at work.

Each of the eight was especially selected for the job. They had been born in Germany, but had spent several years in the United States. They knew the language, the country and the customs. Their carefully forged Selective Service and Social Security Cards, their technical training, their timing devices for bombs, and their \$174,588 in various denominations proved that their mission was vitally important to the German High Command.



## COLD WAR I (cont.)

Immediately upon landing, these would-be saboteurs with their large bankroll and a two year supply of explosives fanned out to New York and Chicago to make plans for their intended campaign of destruction and terror.

Although they apparently left a cold trail their well-laid plans were abortive. In less than two weeks all of them had been taken into custody by Agents of the FBI.

Numerous other enemy agents with intent to sabotage the country were brought into the open by Agents of the FBI during this spy-ridden period. The flight of an escaped Nazi prisoner of war was aided by a naturalized German-American in Detroit. Both were caught. A woman doll dealer in New York was arrested for sending information about West Coast naval secrets to the Japanese—via Argentina. A New York "bus boy" was found among New York's millions and sent to prison. He had tried to hide his identity by using names and addresses of persons selected at random from a telephone directory for return addresses on his secret ink letters.

Unlike World War I, counter-sabotage and counterespionage techniques worked. There was no successful act of enemy-directed sabotage in the United States. Enemy agents were thwarted, cornered and caught, and the underworld, which tried a comeback during the war, found American law enforcement stronger, faster and more closely knit than ever before in the country's history.

The Bureau and its Agents give credit for this 100 per cent security to the widespread cooperation and support from police agencies throughout the country. Although this unstinting aid from the nation's law enforcement agencies made it appear to be the functioning of one well-oiled machine, the FBI strongly opposes any national police system. The Bureau maintains that the answer to effective law enforcement—both in peace and war—is not a national consolidation in fact, but a welding of scientific training, select personnel and wholehearted cooperation between agencies in all matters of mutual interest. Each Agent of the FBI considers himself and the bureau on the same level as any other law enforcement agency in the nation.

Why the Bureau and its Agents are able to function so smoothly and with such seeming accuracy is no secret. Careful selection and training of personnel, coupled with expert, tireless direction by a capable leader keeps the network of 52 field divisions covering



Hit and run autos can be identified in many cases by microscopic paint traces. Venable takes scrapings of paint to compare and match in the spectrophotometer

the United States and her territorial possessions in crack condition.

The FBI Agent is constantly on the front lines both in peace and war time. In this constant fight they are aided by central service pools and machinery which magnifies the senses of sight and sound, and gives them the full value of the physical sciences in their war against spies, saboteurs and criminals.

The latest laboratory equipment from electronically operated microscopes to ultra-violet lights and vast reference collections including blood sera, dynamite wrappers, headlight lenses, paper watermarks, typewriter standards, animal hairs, rope samples, automobile paints, heel prints and tire treads aid them in crime detection.

Since the FBI is strictly a fact-finding agency, results of its investigations are just as important in the exonerated of the innocent as in the conviction of the guilty. Many times when circumstantial evidence pointed strongly to a persons guilt, scientific findings of the FBI have cleared him.

The FBI proved the innocence of a soldier who was suspected of writing bad checks, although circumstances almost convicted him. FBI technicians went one step further by identifying the real author of the bogus checks by his handwriting.

The modern scientific approaches used in crime detection are important in evaluating evidence, but it is the

Agent who has to do the leg work in rounding up the desired information and his knowledge of the scientific aids at his disposal enables him to recognize possible evidence.

The dangerous chore of closing in and capturing the desperate, federal law-breaker is not a task for clumsy, untrained hands. An Agent's success or failure is dependent upon the preparation he has received for the job which faces him.

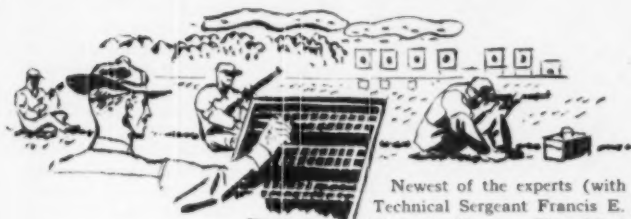
Boot camp for Agents is at the FBI Academy at the Marine Base, Quantico, Va. Here newly selected Special Agents take their first training. They receive a lecture instruction equivalent to two and one half years of college work.

Classes are held from nine in the morning until six at night for four months. Each Agent must be already qualified as a lawyer and member of the bar, or a certified public accountant. At the Academy he is trained in investigation and given gruelling instruction in the use of firearms—the Thompson Sub-Machine Gun, the rifle, the shot-gun, and the pistol.

The Practical Pistol Course is a routine exercise—to the FBI. Fifty shots are scored on a silhouette target in the total time of six minutes and ten seconds. This allotted time covers ten shots fired from the seven-yard line, five from the 60-yard line, 20 from the 50-yard line and 15 from the 25-yard line. Before the course is completed, (continued on page 62)



# WESTERN DIVISION RIFLE MATCHES



Photos by SSgt. Jack Stockbower

By TSgt. RONALD D. LYONS

Leatherneck Staff Writer

**E**VERY so often Marines get a hankerin' to do some shootin'. Whether it be shootin' the bull or bull's-eyes—they are experts. Score-books and glibble women have proved the point.

Newest of the experts (with rifle) is Technical Sergeant Francis E. Poodry, Eleventh Marines, First Marine Division. Poodry is not only an expert, he's a champion; the undisputed 1950 Western Division Rifle Champion.

Allowing credit where credit is due, Poodry didn't get his championship by saving box tops. Prize-winning slogans didn't help him either. It was exceptional coolness on the firing line, expert marksmanship, and maybe a last-minute nudge from Lady Luck that paid off.

Poodry had trouble with Sergeant Robert G. Fryman, of MB, Pearl Harbor, all through the match. Scores were so close that when Poodry was sighting his final shot on the last range, he needed a bull's-eye to win. If he had dropped into the four ring, Fryman would have tied him. As it was,



TSgt. Francis E. Poodry

Poodry took the first gold medal with a 565 aggregate. Fryman photo-finished with 564.

The match, fired in April at Camp Matthews, Calif., drew contestants from MCRDep., San Diego; First Marine Air Wing, El Toro; 17th Naval District; Marine Barracks, Bremerton, Wash.; Marine Detachment, USNDB, San Pedro; Troop Training Unit, Pacific; Marine Detachment, Point Mugu, Calif.; Marine Detachment, Inyokern, Calif.; and three teams plus individuals from Camp Pendleton: Marine Barracks, First Marine Division, and 1st ComSerGrp. **END**



General G. B. Erskine congratulates Bear Trophy winners: Lt. Humphery, TSgts. Schone, Millar, Poodry, and Martin



Pistol champ Sgt. Charles R. Knapp (a port-sider) gets a hand from Gen. W. T. Clement for his record-breaking 559



15yr Jim Frye exhibits top form on a tee shot. He is sharp competition for all golfers playing the service circuit

**T**HE pool sharks that flaunt their fins around San Diego's Recruit Depot avoid one, tall, spare-appearing, relaxed technical sergeant just as they would a duty watch on Sunday or a hole in the head. Any pool player valuing his spare change stays away from Technical Sergeant James F. Frye. Those reckless enough to challenge Jim, say as they walk out without jingling: "At least I've got sense enough not to play golf with that character." Frye can sink a 25-foot putt as easily as he cues the one ball into the side pocket. He's a bear at both sports; the only difference is that he doesn't plan to play pool for a living—only when it's raining so hard he can't get to the first tee.

Frye talks the game, lives the game, and plays it pretty well—most of the time in the low 70s. Although he is nominally employed at a desk job in the administration building at the Depot, he has another duty which is somewhat unique; he's a sort of golf pro without portfolio for the station. He can answer just about any question a person can ask on golfing and he has a large file of link records and reference material which he keeps on his desk between the Marine Corps manual and MOS index. He makes

## TEE SERGEANT

by SSgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

playing arrangements for the MCRDep club with various teams around Southern California, and gives gratis advice to dubs and amateurs alike. Until he was transferred to the MCRDep, the station did not have a driving range. It does now, and you'll find Frye on it at least three nights a week.

Practically every golfer in the Corps, of tournament caliber, has either played against or heard of Jim Frye. Master Sergeant Junior Broadus, now at Cherry Point, finished eighth at the All-Navy show in '48. Frye was just a stroke behind all the way into the final back nine. He finished in ninth position. Chief Gil Mantoani, who took third place in last year's All-Navy tourney after almost walking off with top honors, was beaten by Frye earlier this year during the play for the 1950 Balboa Park Club Championship. Frye went on to the semi-finals. For the past two years he has participated in about every service tourney in the Southland and entered several of the civilian meets as well.

His two trips to the All-Navy play-offs have not exactly been sensational, he finished in ninth place the first time the meet was held, but last year he wound up mid-way back in the field. He's out to make a comeback this month at Pensacola when the area winners tee-up for the last All-Navy Golf tournament. Winning the championship



this year has a double incentive. Capturing the '50 Championship which will be the last of its kind for some time has a strong attraction for service amateurs.

Finishing out of the money last year means that Frye will have to play his way into the finals at Glenview as he did in '47. The 12 lowest scores of the previous year are seeded into the tournament. It'll be a tough job getting a berth on the four-man Western Group Squad. The strongest golfers in the naval service seem gathered within the confines of the 11th Naval District this year. There's Pendleton's D. V. Anderson and Bill Liang; at El Toro they have a tough duo in Rex Harris and Herb Shrayner. These are merely four of the outstanding Marine golfers, there are several more just about as tough where these come from, to say nothing of the group who will be in the Western play-offs representing the bell bottom brethren.

Before play-off time, June in fact, Frye was considerably set up over his

chances of making the Pensacola run. He claims that this should be his best year since he resumed the game back in '46. He believes his work with the irons is more consistent, which is quite possible, he spends three sessions of two hours duration each week just practicing with them. To date he has put in more mileage on the fairways of Southern California getting into shape for the Navy meet than the combined boondocking total of a FMF team.

Whether playing in a tourney or just going around for pleasure, Frye is a



pretty easy figure to spot on the fairways. Six foot one, weight 170, he has the loudest sport shirts and most doleful expression of anybody on the course. The affinity for flamboyant jenkins is a sort of a talisman against misfortune on the greens and the morose facade is worn because he anticipates only the direst possible lie to result after every drive. Another item that causes creases in his pate is the fact that after playing the game for over ten years, on courses up and down the West Coast and in the mid-west, he hasn't made an ace. He's seen his friends do it and he's come close himself, but never, never has the ball plopped into the cup on his initial drive.

"S'all in the game, someday I'll make one," he prophesies grimly, "if I have to play 'till I'm 80."

Ace or no, Frye will probably be on the links at that age. This will give him exactly 49 more years playing time. Today he has a lean, healthy, sun-fried look and it should take him through the next four decades. He credits it, of course, to golf.

If he had his way the recruit issue would number among such sundries as writing materials and shaving cream, a good supply of golf balls (he prefers Spaulding "Dots") and a set of clubs. He recommends six irons and a couple of woods to start with.

It is doubtful, even with unification that the recruit issue will ever encompass such luxuries, but if it did Frye says it would teach newcomers sportsmanship, self-control, concentration and even increase a person's ability to get along with fellow troopers and people in general. This is in addition to keeping in trim shape.

While the sight of a recruit platoon

marching off toward the greens with golf bags slung smartly over the left shoulder may never come to pass, more and more Marines at posts and stations are found on the greens during off-duty hours. Every year individual special service units purchase thousands of dollars worth of golfing supplies. And the total spent on the sport annually is on the upswing. Six of the big posts maintain 18-hole courses and there are 5205 public and private courses scattered throughout the country.

Each week Jim gets several queries from novices and men who have yet to play their first game. Usually he parcels out the same advice to all of them.

"Check out your gear from Special Services to start with. If you decide you like the game, spend around 80 dollars for a good set of clubs and bag, then add to your clubs as your skill improves, and more special clubs are necessary."

Having your own clubs shortly after starting out is important. A man can't pare off those extra strokes if he's using different weight drivers and strange irons all the time.

"First, though," Frye tells would-be Sneads, "get the services of a good club pro. From 15 to 20 dollars will get you the fundamentals and will keep you from developing bad golfing habits which later on will have to be corrected by long, arduous hours of practice."



Jim has a theory that a person's liking for the game will be in direct ratio with how good he can become at it. An average player who sets a steady pace will soon be shooting in the 80s.

When he returned to the fairway in '46 after a five year layoff, he still had seven years experience behind him. This helped him win the qualifying round for the 13th Naval District in '47 and boosted him into the Inter-service tourney that year. He won the 13th Naval District title the next year with rounds of 71, 74, and 68.

He commenced playing golf as a wily 14-year old youngster at the Interlachen Golf Club in Minneapolis. He started as a caddy just as many of the country's leading pros and amateurs have. Willie Kidd was the club pro at Interlachen. Later, he started Patty Berg on the road to fairway fame. Kidd instructed Jim in some of

## GOLF (cont.)

the basics of good golfing. Frye learned fast. After his folks moved from Minneapolis to St. Paul Jim started playing in tournaments. He entered caddy meets, then moved into State amateur competition. The play was a shade too advanced, he never quite won one. His parents moved out to Redwood City, Calif., as Jim started high



school. During his time at Sequoia High he sandwiched his golf game between football and basketball. He was number one man on the school's golf team.

Jim kept his hand in the game after graduating from high school and while at college. After he left college he married. Domestic interests replaced golf and his clubs got dusty in a closet. In '40 he joined the Corps. In the ensuing five years he thought about playing often but never got the chance. He spent 28 months overseas with the 1st and 3rd Amphibious Corps and didn't get back to the States until the end of '45.

He wasn't thinking too much about his game on the ship that brought him home. The night he went to the ship's movie he was intent only on killing time, he almost had a blowback. In the scramble when "GQ" sounded he almost had his knee cap shattered by an overturned bench. After 28 months overseas during which he collected only the usual amount of contusions and lumps from diving into foxholes and making invasions, Jim had to be carried down the gangway of the ship that brought him back.

The doctors took a look at his injured knee and sent him to Astoria for an operation. After that they sent him to North Carolina, a prime gathering place for FMF-type Marines. Jim's knee was pretty sore and it looked, for a time, as though he'd always walk with a list to starboard.

"Exercise, exercise is what you need," the doctors told him.

In his condition track was out. He drew a set of clubs and spent 30 days on the course at Winston Salem.

His game returned. By this time his parents had moved again; this time to

Sacramento. He bundled up the family got a leave and headed West. The entire Frye clan was at home, including his four brothers, three of whom are ex-Marines, (one heretic joined the paratroops during the war.) It was quite a reunion from Jim's point of view, all his brothers play in the 70s.

After landing a recruiting assignment in Seattle Jim settled down to develop his game in earnest. After nearly three years at the Northern DHRS he was transferred to San Diego.

Shortly before Jim left for the All-Navy tourney at Parris Island last year the Fryes added another linksman to the household, James Robert, now a year and a month old—still a little young to swing a club. It won't be long though says Jim. Helen who skips the Frye menage isn't too sure

about this. Joan Eleanor, now 11, is already evincing a healthy interest in the sport and if James Jr., follows his dad's strides up the fairway Helen threatens to set up housekeeping on the 18th green at Balboa. She's tolerant though toward Jim's gutta-percha weakness, she plays the game herself.

With ten years service already behind him, Jim plans to go the route. After all, he says, the Corps maintains as good golf courses at the big installations as the civilian clubs do. Frye thinks Pendleton's present course is tops, although when Parris Island's links are seasoned they'll be the finest in the Marine Corps.

It's difficult to guess what Jim will do when he retires. Right now he's considering becoming a club pro or opening a driving range in Sacramento.

END



At the 1948 All-Navy Tourney, Frye captured ninth place and received a Certificate of Achievement. Rear Admiral M. C. Royer made the presentation at Tilden Park



# Leatherneck Laffs



"March at ease men!"



"Fine collection of souvenirs you have there, Sarge."

Caplan  
Bess



"Nothing thanks, just browsing"

FLECKMAN

# AIRBORNE MULE TRAIN

by Sgt. William J. Morris



Packets will fan out  
from The Point  
to assist in  
close air support

Fairchild's Packet becomes a work horse for all branches,  
yet it is faster than some of our early wartime fighter craft



**I**N THE routine of war, the speedy arrival of troops saves dog-tags. History records the importance which generals from Hannibal to Eisenhower placed on the element of speed. General Nathan Bedford Forrest, famed Confederate cavalry leader, reduced the idea to its simplest form: "I always make it a rule to get there first with the most."

Many times during the amphibious operations of World War II, the strategy of speed-inspired surprise was knocked upside down and backwards because slow surface craft was employed. Troops debarking from these landing crafts were forced to carry the assault through the enemy's planned fields of fire. They changed from the role of hunter to that of hunted. To provide our troops with a preventive for such a switch, the Armed Services devised the airborne operation—the sci-

ence of placing troops at an enemy's unprotected flank, in a position to favorably effect the action.

Heavy contributions to the development of this method have been made by the Fairchild Aircraft and Engine Corporation at Hagerstown, Maryland. This company has the distinction of building some of the world's largest troop-cargo-carrying aircraft. Their Packets are capable of many combat uses. Until recently the Marine Corps was without this type of plane which is known as the Flying Boxcar or the Fairchild Packet. Its official designation is the C-119B.

Fairchild has the distinction of having given thousands of people their first glimpse of an airplane. Planes built by this corporation flew the first International Air Mail and started airlines which covered this hemisphere.

When Sherman Fairchild developed an automatic camera in 1920 he rented planes to demonstrate its value in making air maps. Each type of aircraft had a defect which hampered the full use of his camera. Eventually, he went to work on his own plane design.

Farmingdale, New York, was selected as the plant site. The new craft was designated FC-2 and a 200-hp engine provided the thrust. It was the first type in which a pilot rode inside and in the forward part of the plane. Small field landings were to be made easier and safer by the installation of brakes, flaps, and wide landing gear with the

first spring hydraulic shock absorbers.

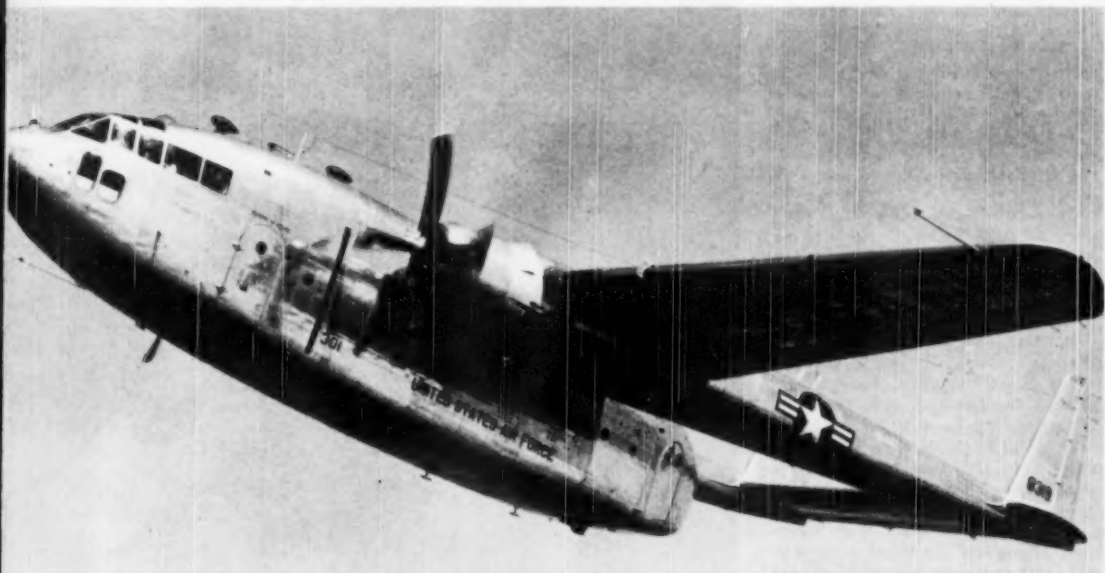
While Fairchild was undertaking his first aircraft venture, two Hagerstown men, Ammon Kreider and L. E. Reisner, were perfecting a craft of their own. They formed a company and began work on a racing entrant for the 1923 Philadelphia Sesquicentennial Exposition. Their entrant was a winner and they began building private ownership planes. Fairchild foresaw a greater future for planes of this type. Early in 1929 he purchased control and renamed the Company The Fairchild Aircraft Division.

Until 1934 the FAD produced only light planes; then, in co-operation with the Army, a special cargo carrier was developed—The C-31. The contract specified rugged construction and easy operation. It was a highly efficient unit and was replaced only when the trend for these types turned to twin-engine crafts.

In 1938 there was a need for a modern military training plane. Fairchild's low wing design was selected by the Army. It was to be a Primary Trainer which would make the transition to advanced types of service aircraft easier for the fledgling aviators. During the five years which followed the receipt of the contract more than 5000 PTs were manufactured by Fairchild at Hagerstown.

At the request of the Army a group of aircraft companies banded together to form the PT-23 committee. This

**TURN PAGE**



The capacity of the Packet's freight hold has been increased to 3095 cubic feet. Flight deck relocation to the craft's nose

improves visibility for formation flying. Its wings are of greater strength to permit a top gross weight of 37 tons

## AIRBORNE (cont.)

group joined forces to build the Fairchild PT-19A, PT-19B and the PT-23. In 1941 the license to build these types was granted to Canadian and South American firms.

More than 1000 of these planes were shipped to South American, African and Asiatic countries. They became the standard PTs for several air forces. Later, the FAD perfected an advanced gunnery trainer which became standard in the Air Force. The fuselage was made of a new composition plastic-plywood material which had been developed by the Fairchild Duralum Division.

The corporation's previous achievements seemed common-place in 1943. At that time the Army awarded a king-sized contract—cost-plus-fixed-fee—for the Flying Boxcar. The service specified that the plane must be an all-metal, twin-engine, high-wing craft, capable of hauling cargo and troops for airborne operations. It was given a high priority rating and a large plant addition was authorized by the Government. In short, the lid was off and anything went as long as it went for the production of the Boxcar. The plane was designated C-82.

The first model of the Boxcar was test flown in September, 1944. It was so successful that the Air Force doubled its order.

Since then the C-82 has become the workhorse for the airborne Army and the Air Force. It looks the part. It doesn't have the sleek lines of a jet fighter, or the grace of a mammoth bomber. Instead it resembles a barrel-chested powerful worker. At first glance it is a flat, slab-sided and slightly blunt-nosed crate. But, this craft has helped to solve many of the intricate problems involving the air transportation of men, weapons, cargo and supplies.

At the conclusion of the C-82 contract in 1948, Fairchild received the Air Force order to build 99 C-119 Packets, a larger version of the Boxcar.

In this powerful plane two 28-cylinder, four row, air-cooled Pratt and Whitney engines develop a take off rating of 3250-hp. The engines have internal supercharging and continuous ratings of 2650-hp up to 6000 feet, and 2300-hp up to 18,000 feet. This power enables the C-119 to carry increased payloads and provides greater speed and a higher rate of climb.

The Packet is designed to carry nine tons of payload for a range of 2000 miles. It can carry an additional ton of payload at a shorter range. Forty-two equipped paratroopers with 20

paracans—the cans weigh 350 pounds each—can be carried in the Packet's cargo space. The paracans are suspended overhead on an electric, one-way monorail ejector. This type of cargo conveyor is relatively new. The cargo is dropped quickly as the conveyor thrusts the paracan out from the center line of the cargo hold. A small electric motor operates the system, relieving the pilot of the extra strain of constantly trimming the plane.

As an ambulance plane, the C-119 can carry 36 litter patients. The cargo capacity of the Packet is 3095 cubic feet. It carries 2700 gallons of fuel with a gross take-off weight of 74,000 pounds. The type of Boxcar which the Marines are to receive will have a different configuration of the nose section

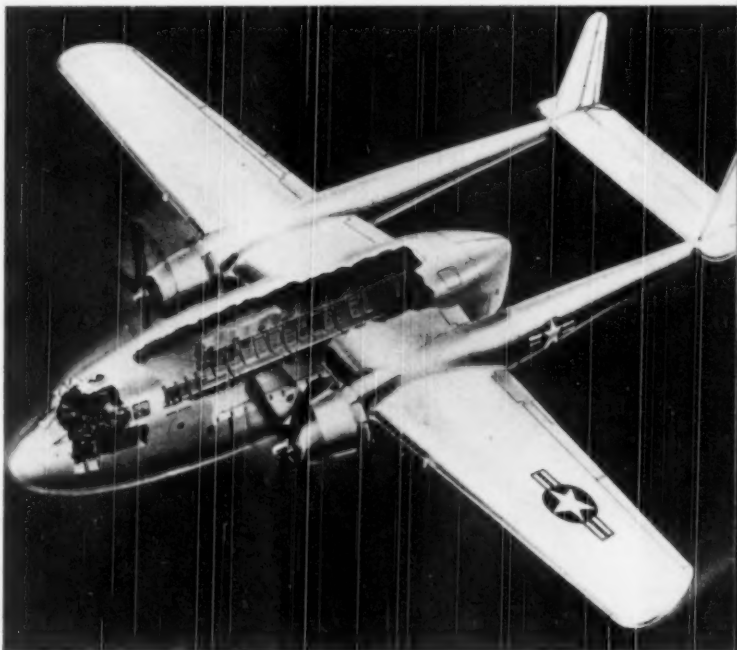
tion which will allow greater visibility for formation flying. It will have a floor level window below the cockpit for a downward view of cargo drops. For Army operations the window is useful when dropping paratroops.

There is a still larger model of the Boxcar. It is the C-120 Pack-Plane. This craft is based on the detachable cargo capsule which allows more expeditious loading and unloading of supplies and men. The capsule is attached at a rear area and unloaded at the combat zone. Then the wings and power plant are free to return for another capsule. This newer version is still in the mock-up stage at the Fairchild Hagerstown plant.

The constantly growing air training services of the Air Force and the Navy



**A new trend was started in  
air transport when the  
"Flying Boxcar" was born**



An artist's cutaway shows the interior arrangement of the Marine Corps' latest aerial weapon. The cargo compartment, widened 14", carries larger equipment



called upon the FAD for a future basic trainer. The Navy was first to specify its needs. Fairchild brought out a low-wing, all-metal single engine monoplane designated the XNP. Then the Air Force drew from these specifications for their basic trainer. It was designated the T-31. The FAD was awarded a contract for 100 of this type. The craft has a top speed of 150 miles per hour and a stalling speed of 60mph in a flaps up flight attitude. The acceptance by the Air Force of the Navy's BT design saved the taxpayers approximately two million dollars and the Navy a possible two years wait.

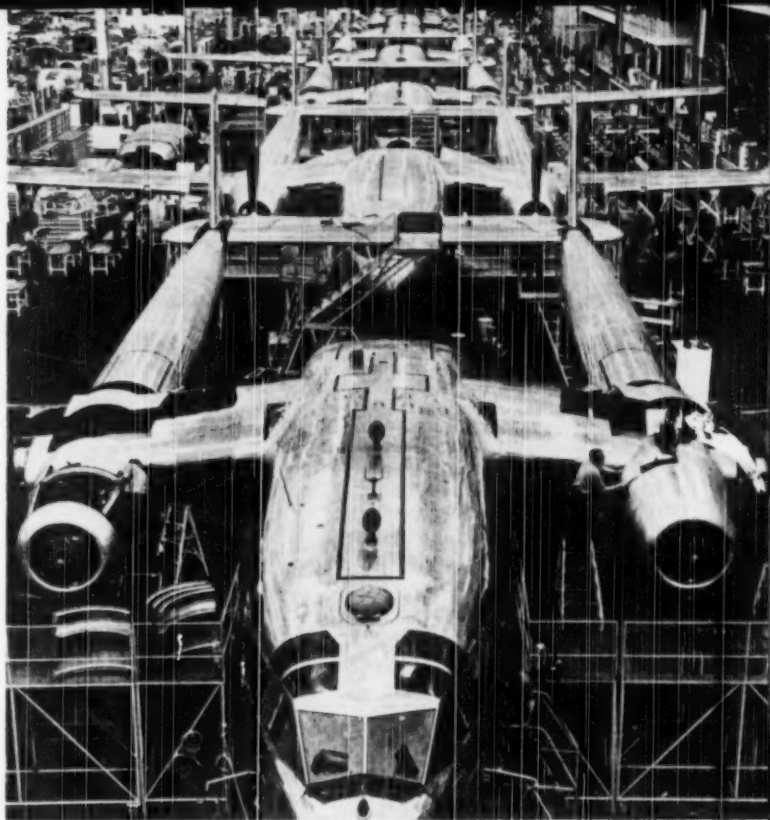
During this time the company was developing the track-tread type of landing gear under the direction of General George C. Kenney, head of the Air Materiel Command, who gave the project a high priority. A tricycle style of gear was used on a Boxcar during the tests. At present the Ninth Air Force at Greenville, S. C., is using all 23 sets produced by Fairchild under the Air Force contract.

The track gear resembles the tread of a tank. Its chief asset is the reduction of the pressure of conventional landing gear on the ground by one third. Exactly what influence this treadmill gear will have on future operations is a matter for conjecture. One thought is that it would lower the need for heavy construction equipment at forward areas. In World War II many of these areas proved to be logistic bottlenecks. With this new type of undercarriage the lack of surfacing equipment would not hamper operations.

Chief among the functions of the Flying Boxcar is the "drop"—the unloading of troops in a combat zone, or the re-supplying of troops which have been cut off during an operation. The pilot of the drop plane must fly his plane at a slower speed and must cross the line of departure at an altitude within easy access of enemy gunners. The jump or supply drop must be made at exactly the right time and place, otherwise the caper will fail and lives of the 'troopers are virtually lost, or the supplies do not arrive where they are needed.

These operations begin in a marshaling, or rear area. Pilots line up in three-plane "Vs" and take off at 20-second intervals. They group on the flight leader and proceed to the drop zone. Over the drop area the pilot cuts his speed. The troopers hook up, check their equipment, the green light flashes and each man takes his stand in the door and then leaps. Jumps are made between the indicated air speeds of 100 and 120mph.

The Packet is the standard aircraft



Fairchild's production line has incorporated industrial mobilization planning. The plant is geared to meet everchanging demands of The Department of Defense

of our airborne units. It is operated under the maximum of safety conditions. During peace-time operations the plane never carries more than 8000 pounds of payload. Our military commanders are sold on its use in airborne operations. Its ability to drop large single items of field equipment such as jeeps and large caliber weapons has undergone various tests at Wright Field, Ohio. The rear doors are removed and the equipment is sent earthward from specially built platforms. For one test the C-119 version of the Boxcar carried six Crosley automobiles to demonstrate the added cargo space.

In a trade publication, *The Pegasus*, which is published by the Fairchild Corporation, a group of Army general officers made statements on the possibility of the Army traveling entirely by air.

General Jacob L. Devers, former commanding general of Army Ground Forces, said, "... the trend is to eliminate the parachute for individuals ... droppable fuselages will make them obsolete. Eventually the entire fuselage will parachute to a landing, utilizing

the German-invented ribbon type of 'chute which is already undergoing tests."

Gen. Devers remarked that during World War II it took nine C-47 type aircraft to transport a company of infantrymen. And, that it has already been proved that in a similar operation employing the C-82 Fairchild Packet only three planes would be required—one per platoon. He brought out a point which was indicative of the future use of troop carrying craft: the C-99 which is a cargo version of the famed B-36 is expected to carry 400 men—more than two companies—or, 335 litter patients, or 100,000 pounds of equipment including a light tank.

The former commanding general of the 82nd Airborne Division, Major General James M. Gavin, advocated the detachable capsule idea for air landing combat troops. It is the speed and flexibility with which they are to move into battle zones, launch troops and return to bring still more troops which enables them to fulfill their jobs in the initial stages of an airborne troop attack.

## AIRBORNE (cont.)

With this idea in mind Fairchild is developing their newer projects for use with the all-air army. Speaking collectively, the experts deplore the great loss of time, effort and manpower in loading and unloading transports in forward areas. The pre-packed "pod" instituted in the design of the Fairchild C-120 appears to be partially the solution of the loss-of-time problem.

The pod type of transportation is healthy for the commercial side of aviation. With such an inexpensive motivation for air freight the surface carriers could be replaced.

The Marine Corps is slated for eight of the new Flying Boxcars in the near future. These planes will be assigned to a squadron already performing air lift duties at the Cherry Point Marine Air Station in North Carolina. At present there are two transport squadrons at that base. They are VMR 153 and VMR 252. Although strictly in the formative stage, the Boxcar unit will probably revamp the system of

air lift of combat troops in the Marine Corps. The plane is more adaptable than previous craft, and will be able to perform yeoman work in assault exercises. Previously the Corps lifted infantry troops from their base and deposited them at a "newly" won airfield at the scene of battle. That system indicates a time loss in operations. The field naturally had to be won before any such lift could prosper. With the Packet the time interval would be cut to a minimum.

The Packet is designed to land in rugged terrain in order that any fairly level piece of ground near the zone of attack can serve as a landing strip.

The efficiency of the Fairchild has been demonstrated in numerous exhibitions, such as: Operation Portrex, the Puerto Rican Exercise. In this mammoth operation 80,000 men were slated to participate, and among these was a battalion combat team of the 82nd Airborne Division of Fort Bragg, N. C.

Forty-eight Fairchild C-82 Packets were slated for the lift of the paratroopers. They were to be part of the

invasion force which was to attack Vieques, near Puerto Rico. The plane, like all types of combat equipment, was to be tested in the latest type of unified operation. Every branch of the service was to be bound together in a common fight against an "Agressor" force.

The Marine Corps is to receive eight of the C-119Bs. When the program was set up for the use of these aircraft by Marine Aviation it was planned that they replace the R5C Curtiss Commandos. However, the appropriations were lower than anticipated. The crafts will be part of a Cherry Point-based unit. Pilots will receive check-outs on the new craft, possibly at the Fairchild factory.

The role of these planes will be comparatively the same as the planes which they are to replace. The job will be modified by the new craft but it will be the same as that performed by other elements of the Corps' air arm—to assist in air-ground support and supply ground elements of the Fleet Marine Force. **END**



Plans are underway at Fairchild for production of the C-120 Pack-Plane. It is based on the detachable cargo capsule idea

which allows loading and unloading of equipment. When the C-120 unloads its pod, wings and engine are free to leave

# WE- THE MARINES

Edited by Sgt. Frank X. Goss

REPATRIATE—MSgt. E. C. Bender, held by Chinese Communists for a year and a half, is greeted by old friends, MSgt. and Mrs. James Jones at Los Alamitos

Leatherneck will pay \$5.00 for each W-T-M item accepted for publication

## Quartet, M-4

"It is a well know saying in chaplain circles: 'Get the Marines behind your church program and you don't have to worry about church attendance.'"

So writes Navy Chaplain R. K. Wilson of the U. S. Naval Station, Subic Bay, Philippines. His letter to *Leatherneck* continued:

"... I note with interest the letter entitled 'The Padre Sounds Off' on page five of the December issue. I feel sure that Chaplain Crave must share with me and many other chaplains serving the Marine Corps round the world, a certain amount of guilt for not submitting... proof of Marine participation in divine services and other morale building activities...

"When I came to this station in June, 1948, there was no organized choir at the Station Chapel. I immediately advertised for a choir director in our station paper... The first man to volunteer for the job was Staff Sergeant L. S. Stites, USMC. Under Stites' forceful leadership the choir has grown from its humble beginning of seven members to its present membership of 34...

"Not only do we have a Marine as choir director but ten of 15 male members of the choir are Marines.

"Sgt. Stites formed a Marine Quartet



which sings regularly at divine services. The members of the Marine Quartet, though organized as a chapel quartet for sacred music, have distinguished themselves as masters of barbershop harmony, having won first honors in the Philippines in a recent all-military contest held at Clark Air Force Base...



"Representing the Philippines in the Western Pacific Barbershop Quartet contest held in Tokyo... the 'M-4' Quartet brought additional honor to the Corps by placing third in the Far East Command All-Service Barbershop Quartet contest. The 'M-4,' consisting of Staff Sergeant L. S. Stites, Technical Sergeant M. W. Boyd, Corporal

F. G. Halverson, and Pfc C. S. Jensen, were a sensational hit in Tokyo through their fine showing in the contest and through participation in various church services in the Tokyo area. The commanding officer, U. S. Naval Station, Subic Bay, has received many letters of appreciation and commendation not only for their singing ability but for their impressive military and personal conduct while in Tokyo...

"Is it any wonder that we sing the praises of the Marines when it comes to participation in things spiritual and things harmonious!"

## Aloft

Ex-Army paratrooper Herb Smith of Atlanta, Ga., may not believe that the streets of Heaven are guarded by the United States Marines but he is certain that the Marines are responsible for putting him a little closer to those golden streets—60 feet closer.

TURN PAGE

## WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

A detail of Marine recruiters recently hauled him aloft to a platform atop a 60-foot pole where Smith plans to break the 117 day record for flag-pole sitting. Smith says he will stay up there until Christmas.

### Bad Risk

Corsair pilot Sidney Fisher, Marine first lieutenant stationed at El Toro, took his fighter plane up for a routine hop recently, and then came down with a bang, bang, bang, and a bang—four times! Here's what happened:

As Fisher was preparing to land his fighter plane he found that his right wheel would not lock down. He tried everything to lock it; he wiggled the plane; he snap rolled it; then, four times, he tried bouncing his one good wheel on the runway in an effort to jar the other one down in a safe, locked position. No soap.

With his gas running low, Fisher had only two choices: he could bail out or attempt a landing on one wheel. The people in the traffic control tower decided for him. They ordered him to set the plane down.

The landing was going to be to a packed house. A large crowd had gathered to see what looked like a certain crash. Fire trucks, crash wagons, and ambulance were standing by.



Fisher jockeyed the plane into the slot and held it on its good wheel. He prepared himself for the jolt that would come when he lost speed and the plane would tilt over on a wing-tip. The jolt never came! The final contact with the ground had jarred the right wheel into a locked position!

The morning of the almost ill-fated flight, Fisher had taken out a new insurance policy. If the agent was in the crowd of onlookers, he may have been entertaining thoughts of leaving town. Even Lloyd's of London would have considered Fisher a bad risk.

## Third Divvy

Plans to develop a division association which will strive not only for fellowship but for the creation of scholarship grants to sons and daughters of deceased heroes of the Third Marine Division were made at the first regional meeting of the Third Marine Division Association at Camp Pendleton, Ocean-side, Calif.

Major General G. B. Erskine, President of the Association and wartime leader of the Third Division, stated that these goals would be attained by a powerful drive for increased membership. Regular memberships will be extended to personnel of the Marine Corps, Army, and Navy who were officially attached to the Third Marine Division from 1942 to 1945.

At the business meeting a convention was scheduled for late this Fall. Later conventions will attempt to reunite members of all the Marine division associations in a mammoth reunion.

Colonel J. O. Brauer has been selected for the huge task of laying the groundwork for the proposed conventions. He will locate former Marine Public Relations men and appoint one as Public Relations Officer for the Association.

Many notable former Marines have flocked to the Association. Wartime members of the Third Marine Division include: Bob Kriendler, owner of the famous Club 21 in New York; Martin Fenton and George Percy, New York stock brokers; the Honorable Sidney S. McMath, Governor of Arkansas; John Monks, author, and Paul McDermott, renowned artist.

Gen. Erskine has extended an invitation to all former members of the division, and civilians who were technical advisors with the division, to join the Association. Interested persons may write to the Third Marine Division Association, Camp Pendleton, Ocean-side, Calif.

### Pilgrimage

Catholic Marines stationed at Camp Pendleton paused in their intensified Spring training to make a seven mile pilgrimage to the historic Mission San Luis Rey to attend services.

Led by Chaplain Otto E. Sporrer, USN, the 250 Marines marched to the famous Franciscan Mission to recite the Stations of the Cross.

The Mission San Luis Rey, once known as the "King of the Missions," has served the religious needs of military men in Southern California since the 18th century when the soldiers of Spain's colonizing armies found the Mission a spiritual haven in the new world.



BEAUTIFUL CITY—TSgt. C. A. Rosenfeld admires trophy awarded Marjorie Staples in Louisville, Kentucky's, 'Miss City Beautiful' contest. She won over a field of 54



## Temporary Rank

Do you want a spot promotion from Pfc to major? Pfc Norman Kingsley of the First Marine Division got one. The rank was strictly temporary, and he didn't get the pay that usually falls to a major, but it was pleasant to be a field officer instead of a Pfc—even if it was in the Aggressor Forces instead of in the Marine Corps.

The occasion for the jump in rank was the recent DEMON III, staged by the First Marine Division at Camp Pendleton, Calif.

Kingsley got his promotion to major for only one reason: he could speak German.

The gimmick is this: to give division intelligence men experience in interrogating prisoners of war and using the information gained to best advantage, Kingsley was given the mission of being captured and interrogated by the Fifth Marines intelligence section. Similar instances were common during the exercise.

Kingsley was to pretend to understand and speak only German. During the interrogation he was to subtly warn



**HIS MAJORITY RULED**—For three days! Pfc N. W. Kingsley stowed his greens and became an enemy major for Aggressor forces during Demon III at Camp Pendleton

the Marines of a forthcoming tank-infantry attack by the Aggressor Forces and, of course, the Marines were supposed to be smart enough to grasp the information. They were on the ball; when the attack came off, the division

men were ready for it and the Aggressors were thrown back.

At the end of the maneuver, Kingsley sadly pulled off his Aggressor major's uniform and reverted back to his old rank of Pfc, in the Corps.

TURN PAGE



## WE—THE MARINES (cont.)



**NEW RANGE**—Men of VMR-352 squeeze 'em off during the annual requalification firing at the National Guard range near El Toro. Use of range saves a 90-mile trip

### New Range

Through the cooperation of the 40th Infantry Division and California National Guard officers, El Toro Marines are now enjoying the facilities of a rifle range only a mile from their base. The recently constructed range will be available for firing details the year 'round, with the exception of week-ends and a short period of time during the Summer months.

Before the new range was made available, men from El Toro travelled 70 miles to the Marine Corps Rifle Range at Camp Matthews, near San Diego. The new facilities mean a yearly saving of thousands of dollars and untold man-hours.

### Model Patient

If you think you have troubles take a good look at the case history of Sergeant W. E. Sechrest and consider yourself lucky.



**PATIENT BUILDER**—Sgt. Bill Sechrest, forced to endure three years hospitalization, took to construction work. He has built 20 gas-powered, flying, model airplanes

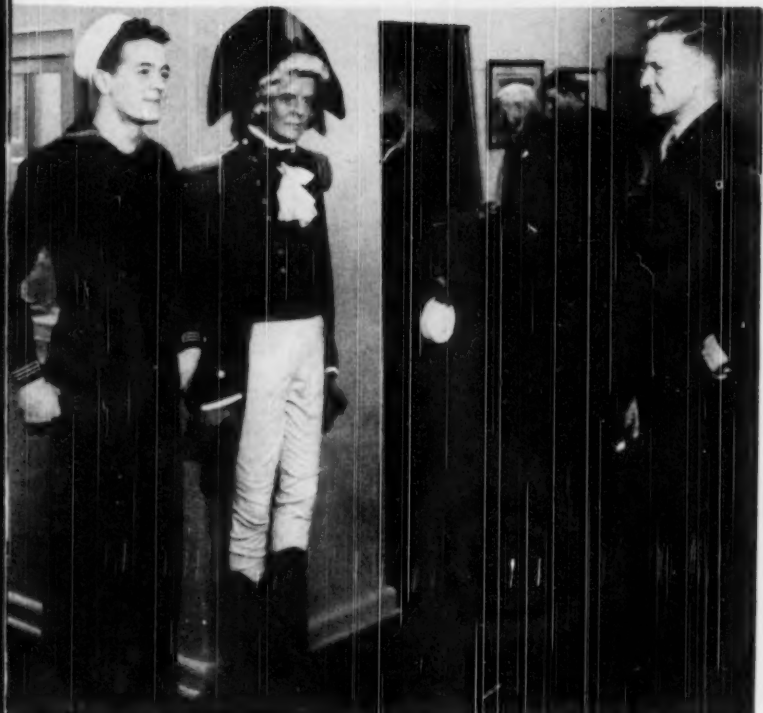
Of course, Sechrest is lucky too. If he wasn't lucky he'd be dead.

Sechrest has been in the Corps for eight years and more than three of the eight have been spent in hospitals. He says he feels more at home in a Naval Hospital than he does in a barracks.

The Japs started him rolling toward hospital beds when they shot him up on Guadalcanal. He spent 15 months recuperating from wounds received there while serving with the First Marine Division. The rest of his patient hours were the result of seven automobile accidents scattered across the calendar since 1943. In all the accidents he was just sitting in a car, minding his own business, while somebody else did the driving. It is ironic that Sechrest was an expert midget auto racer on the Midwest circuit prior to his entry into the Corps.

Sechrest has taken advantage of his hospital spare time. Despite the cumbersome casts, awkward slings, and other healing aids, he has managed to construct 20 gasoline-powered airplanes, plus a jet job. In his pursuit of time-killing devices he has also mastered leathercraft and plastic work.

Sgt. Sechrest's wife resides in Morgantown, W. Va. The sergeant is presently residing—naturally—at the Beaufort Naval Hospital where he is recovering from a broken back sustained in an auto accident last December. No, he wasn't driving this time either.



**NAVAL MUSEUM**—At the Naval Museum in Washington, Pfc F. P. Cutler compares M. J. O'Connor's present-day gob's garb with that of a vintage 1812 naval officer

## Rescue

Miss Agnes Barden, 16, daughter of Congressman Graham A. Barden of New Bern, N. C., has been honored by the Marines at Cherry Point, N. C., for her part in the recent rescue of two downed Navy fliers.

After witnessing the crash of the Navy plane in a lake near Jacksonville, N. C., Miss Barden took off for the spot in a boat. She picked up the plane's two crewmen and brought them to shore. Later they boarded a Cherry Point-based helicopter.

The plane's occupants, Lieutenant Juan R. Meyer of the Naval Air Reserve unit at Anacostia, D. C., and his passenger, Midshipman D. C. Billiam of Bound Brook, N. J., were returning from Florida when engine trouble forced them down in the lake.

**HEROINE**—Brigadier General I. W. Miller presents letter of appreciation to Agnes Barden, 16, in recognition of her help in rescue of two Navy fliers



Brigadier General Ivan W. Miller, commanding general of the Marine air base presented the Letter of Appreciation to the young woman.



## Figuring With A Pencil

The transfer of a Marine colonel to Rio de Janeiro provided the impetus which started Pfc Richard K. Walsh, United States Marine Corps, on a new hobby. Unable to take a 10-pound lump of modeling clay with him because of weight limitations, the colonel gave the clay to Private Walsh who began fashioning little statues from it.


Walsh ignored the fancy tools used by other sculptors and moulded the little figurines with a common lead pencil. He plans to make a desk lamp and eventually a set of dishes from a different type of clay.

Pfc Walsh is currently serving as an operations clerk at the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro, Santa Ana, Calif.

**END**







**"Select a combat patrol,  
lead them to this enemy outpost, and  
wipe out the garrison!"**

**W**E HAD followed the paratroopers into Gavutu island, gone over with the rest of I Company, 3rd Battalion, Second Marines, to Tannabogo Islands in Tulagi Harbor and cleaned it up after heavy fighting. When the Japs began to fight back on Guadalcanal in early September we had been hastily moved across Sealark channel to reinforce the depleted troops. For weeks we had served as division reserve. We had been used for patrolling into enemy territory and plugging holes in the main line of resistance. Late in October we had been ordered back across the channel to rest and reorganize.

That was a few days ago. I had begun to get accustomed to life on Tulagi after those miserable weeks on the Canal when a message came through from battalion that the colonel wanted to see me. Somehow, I had a feeling that more action was in store.

As I entered battalion headquarters I was immediately taken in to see the colonel. He brought out a map of

the Solomon Island area, and quickly placed his finger on the northwestern tip of the Island of Malaita.

"There's your objective, Crain," he said slowly. "It's a Jap coastwatch station at Cape Astrolabe. Until a few weeks ago there were 21 enemy troops there. Recently a Jap aviator who was shot down over the island has joined them; now there are 22. They were put ashore by submarine shortly after we landed here, last August. They've been sending back valuable information on our plane and ship movements. We've got to cut off this source of information. I want you to select a combat patrol, lead them to this outpost, and wipe out the garrison."

"How do we get there?" I asked. "It's a 25 to 30 mile trip across open seas from Florida Island to Malaita."

"There are a few native boats here. Two or three are equipped with small gas engines; they'll make from five to six knots. If you limit your patrol to 35 men, two of the larger boats will carry it."

"If we don't travel at night the Japs will spot our approach."

"Exactly," continued the colonel. "You can make the trip across the channel in one night, if you don't get lost. You'll land at Auki Harbor, several miles down the beach from the Jap outpost. There you'll meet Captain Bengough of the British Island Forces. He will be able to give you detailed information about the island and the location of the Jap camp. The natives

# MALAITA *Patrol*

by Major J. W. Crain

USMCR

## MALAITA PATROL (cont.)

are friendly; they're all on our side."

The colonel brought out a small map, showing in some detail the enemy outpost. The garrison was clearly indicated in a small clearing, about 50 yards from the beach. There was a large tent, a long open mess hall, a radio shack, a kitchen, and look out sentry stations along the road and near the beach. Accompanying this map was a general plan for enveloping and attacking the outpost.

"Where did you get this map?" I asked.

"From friendly native scouts who work with Capt. Bengough. They've been watching the activity of the Japs for a number of weeks. Their estimates have made it possible for us to work out the location of these buildings. There's a narrow beach road that runs right through the center of the camp. They've been posting three sentries: one at either end of the camp, along the road, the third one near the beach. They're armed with rifles, light mortars, and machine guns. These tentative plans for attacking the garrison were made by division intelligence. It's our job to make the final plans and see that this garrison is neutralized.

"I suggest you choose only volunteers—only proven men. You have

about 75 miles to cover, including the Malaite jungle."

"When do we leave?"

"Tomorrow if possible," replied the colonel. "The Quartermaster will line up some native boats and supply you with rations, ammunition and water. You will be gone four or five days—longer if you run into trouble."

"We'll be ready to leave tomorrow, Sir."

"When you leave, you will be entirely on your own. I have no radio to spare; you will have to rely on your own judgment as the situation arises. Capt. Bengough has an old radio that works part of the time. If it's operating, use it to let me know when you contact him. Radio me again when you have completed the patrol and are ready to return from Malaita.

"The success of the patrol will depend upon your ability to completely surprise the garrison, to overcome them before they can reorganize and fight back.

"One last thing; I'm assigning a doctor and corpsman to you."

"I will be glad to have them along," I answered, "But I hope we have no need for them."

The colonel rose, shook my hand and wished me luck.

I went back to the company area and checked the roster for men I could rely upon when the chips were

down. I called them together and gave them a general explanation of what we were going to do. I offered the group a chance to go along. The response was unanimous—they were all anxious to get in on the show. These men selected were combined with volunteers from other units to build the total to some 35 men.

I had to make a decision about weapons. Plenty of fire power would be needed, yet the patrol's effectiveness would be greatly reduced if we were burdened with heavy ammunition. I chose light automatic weapons in addition to two light machine guns in case the ambush developed into a pitched battle.

The next morning the group assembled at the pier where the native boats Robroy and Nanui were waiting. An interpreter had briefed the natives on what was expected of them. The boats were to move up the inland channel of Florida Island, drop supplies off at a friendly outpost, rendezvous at the far side of Florida Island at dusk, and head for the open sea to Malaita after dark. They were to rendezvous in Auki Harbor, Malaita the next morning.

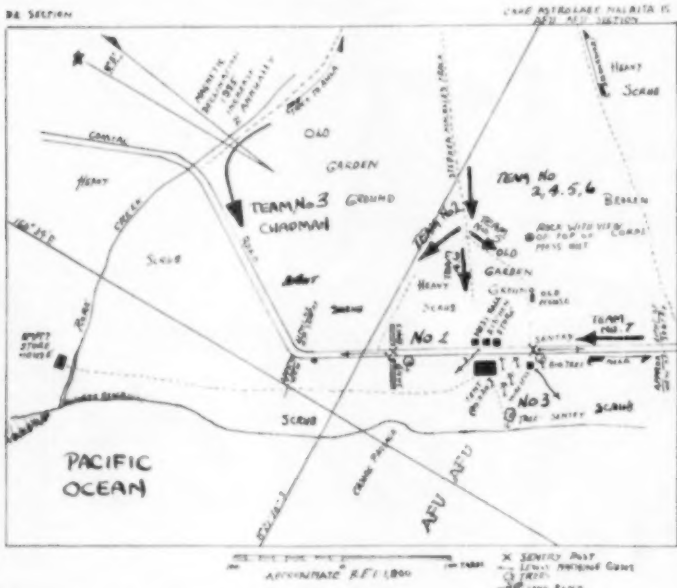
That night the inevitable happened. The open sea was unusually rough, the light native boats were tossed freely about. Fortunately neither one of them sank, but both were thrown off their course. As the early tropical dawn broke, my boat headed into an inland route along Malaita that would lead us to the rendezvous area.

The other boat was out of sight. We headed for the rendezvous spot. As the native craft pulled into the harbor at Auki, a native sentry directed the group to the pier. Capt. Bengough appeared, nattily dressed in his short trousers and long wool socks. He was delighted to see the patrol and directed the weary Marines to a shady spot where they ate and slept.

At noon, the sentry spotted the second native boat coming into the harbor. Since these men were exhausted from about 20 hours at sea, I decided that the patrol would remain at Auki until evening.

At dusk we boarded the native boats and, under cover of darkness, headed for Betaina, the second rendezvous point on the island. We arrived at Betaina about midnight, were met by friendly natives, went ashore, and slept the rest of the night.

After breakfast the next morning, sentries were posted to guard against surprise by enemy patrols. While the remainder of the men were cleaning weapons and checking equipment, I assembled the NCOs and explained the details of the planned attack.



D-2 overlay of Jap camp. The Malaita patrol, relying entirely on native reports, native transportation, and guides, carried out its mission 75 miles from the base.



We moved into the dense jungle—the formation was drawn closer together and each man was warned to halt the column if he lost contact with the man behind

They were team leaders, and it was necessary for them to understand completely the details of the attack so they in turn could pass this information on to the men in their team.

I showed them the map of the enemy camp area and quickly oriented the group. I pointed out the various buildings, the key terrain features and cautioned the group that some of the details might be incorrect, for the map was based on natives' observations. I explained the details of the attack carefully. We intended to move up the island in native boats again that night, rendezvous several miles below the camp, march up the coastal road about four miles, then move through the jungle the last mile and a half.

The patrol would approach the Jap camp from the rear (inland) side, follow the Stephen Mackale trail until it was a few hundred yards from the camp proper. Then the patrol would split up into teams and each team would silently move into its assigned position. The teams were assigned positions around the camp which would surround the garrison on three sides, with the ocean sealing up the trap on the fourth side.

Since the Jap camp was in a clearing about 100 yards in diameter, I instructed the team leaders to deploy around the edge of this clearing. Fire sectors were assigned each team to insure no firing on friendly troops. Friendly natives had told us that the garrison ate breakfast about seven in the morning and that the sentries were brought in during this meal. The fact that the garrison assembled in a long open-air mess hall made this an ideal

time to open fire, surprise and completely overcome the garrison. Prisoners were to be taken, if possible, but no unnecessary chances.

The light machine guns were to be placed on the flanks. These would be particularly useful as a base of fire, especially if a fire fight developed. Alternate and emergency plans were discussed. I pointed out that all teams must be in position before 0530—approximately daylight, that complete silence must exist until the attack was started. I planned to be with the team that would approach the nearest to the camp. All other teams were to open fire as my group commenced firing.

The NCOs gathered their teams together and explained details of the patrol. An hour later I called the entire group together, answered questions about the planned attack, and discussed in detail the mission of the group and of each team. When all patrol members were thoroughly versed on the proposed action, I led them to a spot which simulated the Jap garrison area. A mock attack was carried out. After a critique on this dummy run, a final practice attack was held. The rest of the day was spent in rest; a long hard march awaited us that night.

At 1730, the patrol was assembled and boated again. As darkness closed in, the two boats moved slowly northward. After about three hours, three flares on the beach, placed there by friendly natives, indicated our next rendezvous area on the beach. We went ashore and started on the last leg of the approach.

At 2130 the patrol began moving quietly up the beach. Native runners

were sent ahead along the trail to spot any possible Jap patrol; to send back last minute details.

Shortly after midnight we left the coastal road and moved into the jungle. I knew that leaving the coastal road would slow our progress, for moving inland through the jungle at night would be extremely difficult; but the natives had mentioned that the Japs often sent small groups out early in the morning, before breakfast, to look for food. I was well aware that our shoeprints along the road would be a dead giveaway to these groups, that they would immediately alert the garrison.

As we moved into the jungle, the formation was drawn closer together to insure that the patrol would remain intact. I moved at the head of the column with native guides and placed my senior NCO at the end of the column. Each man was warned to keep in contact with the man to his rear—to halt the column if contact with the man behind was lost.

As the jungle grew denser, progress became slower. Crossing a stream seemed like an endless job that consumed precious minutes. Finally visibility became so poor that each man was ordered to place roots of one of the tropical trees in the back of his belt. These roots glowed in the dark and could be seen for several feet in the jungle.

I checked my watch continually and questioned the native guides about the remaining distance. At about 0300 when the patrol was within a few hundred yards of the enemy garrison, a rest period was called. I began moving to the rear of the column to inform the men that they were nearing their objective, that extra precaution must be taken to insure complete silence. Weapons were checked to make certain they were still on safety. An accidental discharge at this point would jeopardize the success of the patrol.

As I moved toward the end of the column, I was stunned to find about two-thirds of the group missing. The last man assured me that he had been in contact with the man to his rear, at least until the last stream was crossed some 150 yards back. I called my native guide and instructed him to return to the last stream and lead the rest of the group to us as soon as possible.

After the runner left I sat on a rock and considered the situation.

I was completely isolated from the rest of the world, in the middle of a jungle, within a few hundred yards of an enemy garrison with two-thirds of my patrol wandering aimlessly about



The tent area produced one or two more Japs. One group brought in a husky Jap who had taken refuge in rocks near the beach. He was the only prisoner taken

in the jungle. I had begun to make plans to remain in that area all of the next day and delay the attack for 24 hours when the native guide appeared with the lost men. They hadn't been able to move the machine guns across the stream in time to keep up, were afraid to call out to the rest of the patrol for fear of alerting the garrison.

I glanced at my watch. Still about an hour and a half until daylight. My patrol would have to move swiftly to its final rendezvous area, about 200 yards to the rear of the camp.

Luck was with us and we arrived at the rendezvous area without mishaps. I assembled the team leaders and gave them last minute instructions. The groups had about 45 minutes to move into position before daybreak. Team leaders were again oriented on the ground, then native guides were assigned to some teams to help guide them into their deployed positions around the clearing where the enemy was garrisoned.

As the teams moved off, I rejoined my team. Fortunately the underbrush was not too dense in this area; the groups were able to move quietly and fairly fast toward the enemy garrison.

As they reached the edge of the clearing, each man in the team deployed under nearby cover. It was 0515—still a few minutes before daylight. No sounds came from the garrison nor had I heard any noise from adjacent teams going into position. Our silent approach had been completely undetected.

As daylight broke, I could see the mess hall, the tent along the coastal road and the radio shack. I was elated

when I realized that my team had worked its way to about 50 yards from the mess hall.

Loudly, like a bursting bomb in the silence, someone coughed! It had come from no one in my team but from someone several yards away. Someone in the adjacent team? I had selected my men carefully; I was fairly certain that I hadn't picked an eightball. As I lay in position, tense, I realized that this cough had come from one of the Jap guards, patrolling the nearby coastal road. Although I was relieved, this cough served to alert all members in the team. They became suddenly aware that the enemy was in the immediate area, that action was imminent.

About 0615, members of the garrison began to arise and prepare for breakfast. One Jap moved slowly up the coastal road, apparently headed for Rori river for an early morning bath.

Gradually the group began to assemble in the mess hall. I counted them as they entered. Already 14 had assembled; the three guards were still at their post; one Jap had wandered up the road. This totaled 18. Where were the other four? Had the natives miscounted?

Suddenly two of the group got up from the table, apparently finished with their morning meal. No time to spare now! I turned to the team, nodded to the corporal armed with a tommy gun. I braced myself and opened fire with my M-1 rifle.

Firing immediately burst out all along the edge of the clearing. Other teams had been ready and waiting. The surprise had been 100 per cent!

One of the enemy made a break for

the radio shack. He went down after a few steps. Others were killed trying to reach their weapons. Firing was particularly heavy for about three minutes, then gradually died away. Sporadic firing broke out on the left front for a few minutes. Apparently the rest of the Japs had been flushed.

I checked my ammunition. I had gotten off almost 100 rounds in a few minutes. All team members were still intact. I ordered the team to advance quickly but cautiously into the open, to mop up any remaining Japs. Other teams began to close in. The tent area produced one or two more Japs. One group brought in a husky Jap, who had taken refuge in rocks near the beach. He surrendered when he saw his comrades killed. He proved to be the only prisoner.

Reports began coming in from team leaders. No Marine casualties. The team leader on the flank reported the stray enemy had been accounted for near Rori river. Other Japs had been found and killed in that area.

I was satisfied that all of the garrison had been accounted for and ordered the native policemen to supervise the job of cleaning up the camp. The radio sending and receiving set was still intact. This, plus code books, files, and enemy weapons were collected and carried back with us.

Two native runners were sent down the coast for the native boats. We retired to nearby Rori river for a much needed bath and rest. At noon we were prepared to shove off. The warm tropical sun was bright and the ocean calm as we climbed aboard the native boats and headed back for our camp on Tulagi.

END





# DEMON III

OFFICIAL USMC PHOTOS

by TSgt. George Burlage  
Leatherneck Staff Writer

The Corps again shows the way in a demonstration of the latest amphibious assault techniques



**H**UNDREDS of civilians, 46 foreign military observers and 550 American Army officers witnessed the amphibious landing at Aliso Canyon, May 12. The maneuver climaxed the third annual Navy-Marine Corps exercise, Demon III, designed to explain and demonstrate to the students of the Army Command and General Staff college at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., the latest methods and techniques employed in amphibious assaults. Al-

though most of our American officers are trained in amphibious warfare this is not true of foreign officers. Some were from countries which have no sea-going navies and one observer was from land-locked Switzerland.

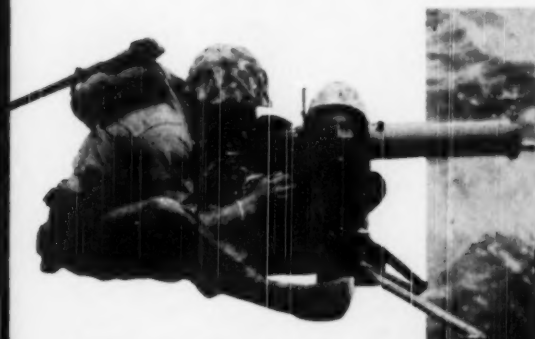
From the moment the first LVT(A) churned out of the water and onto the sandy beach to protect the landing of the first wave of Marines, the observers were impressed by the smoothness of the operation and the precision with which each movement was executed.

For an hour, prior to landing, the beach area shook with explosions as



After an hour of simulated bombing, strafing and shelling of the "hostile" shore (1st MarDiv demolition men spent months

planting the explosives) the assault waves began to hit the beach. This is the fifth wave, a heavy machine gun section

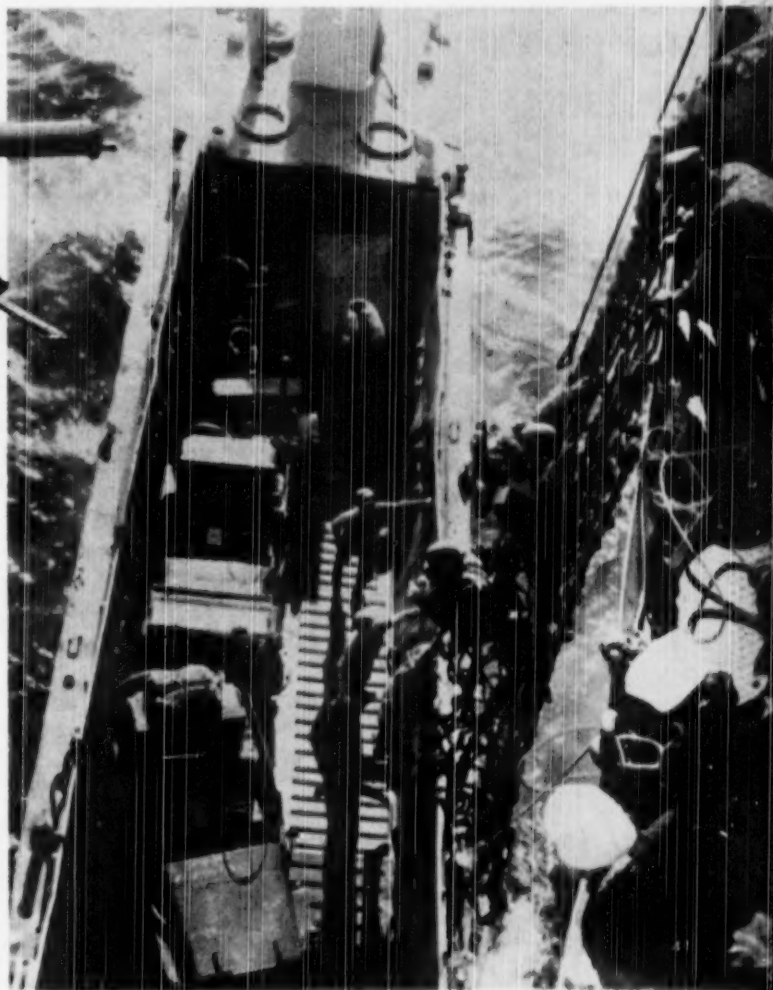


A heavy machine gun in action on the Fifth Marines forward offensive line

LCM loads a cargo of men and jeeps before heading for rendezvous area

planes came low over the beach in simulated bombing and strafing attacks. Jets, used for the first time on the West Coast in close ground support, shot along the beach less than 100 feet overhead. Demonstrations of the combined air-sea-land action undoubtedly brought memories of America's wartime amphibious power to the British, French, Italian and Filipino observers who witnessed our forces in action during the war.

**TURN PAGE**



# DEMON III (cont.)



Simulated wounds kept hospital men busy; attention to details gave the show vivid realism: note plasma container on rifle



"Enemy" aggressor gets a shake-down from a platoon leader before he's sent to the rear to be questioned by intelligence

Demolition men worked for several months planning and perfecting the explosive charges used on the beach. The tons of demolitions which were exploded at timely intervals provided a realistic facsimile of the bombing and shelling of a hostile beach.

All modern weapons and equipment used by Marines in an amphibious invasion were employed during Demon III. When the beach was declared se-

cure, equipment and supplies were unloaded from the ships. Mobile cranes, bulldozers and heavy duty trucks were brought ashore in LSUs and LSTs. First air and evacuation stations were set up immediately. At this point in the exercise the observers were allowed on the beach to see the equipment and supply dumps and to watch the men perform their various duties in supplying the front line troops. For

the observers, this was a lesson in the value of coordination and logistical support.

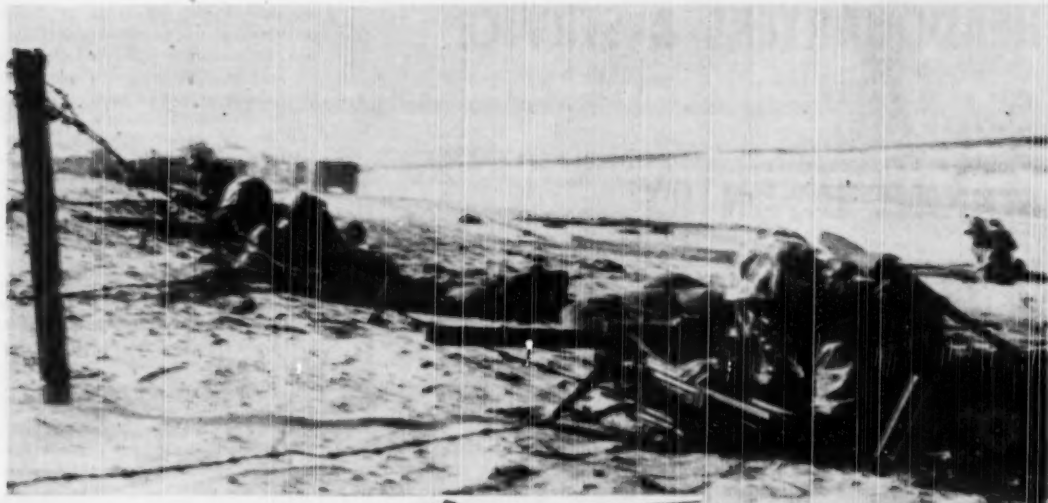
Demon III was smaller than its two brothers, Demons I and II. Many of the ships of the Pacific Fleet were not available. In this year's exercise more than 150 ships and 170 aircraft were used. Eleven thousand men, including 3000 Marines who made the landing, took part in the operation. **END**



Natural obstacles, brush, wild oats, weeds and thorn bushes, held up the Fifth Marines almost as much as the pillboxes

and barriers set up by aggressors. The enemy spent many hours building obstacles that were blasted away in minutes





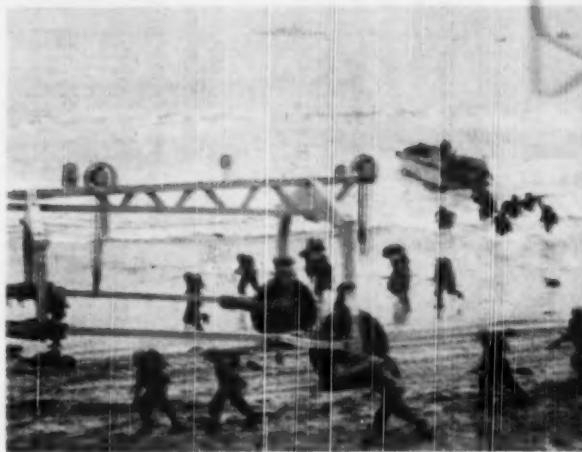
Troops in first wave unlimber guns as they hit wire on the mined beach



Observing Demon were 550 foreign students from 26 neighbor countries



A reinforcing unit of the Fifth Marines brings up a 75-mm. recoilless rifle to support infantry



Demon III with 11,000 men, 150 ships, 170 planes was slick, slam-bang—a neat amphibious assault

# HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE COMPANY MARINE INFANTRY BATTALION

**T**HE Battalion is the basic tactical unit of Marine infantry. It usually operates as an element of the regiment but it can operate independently. In headquarters company are the necessary staff and specialist personnel to administrate and command the battalion in combat.

The Battalion Commander is usually a lieutenant colonel, and his executive officer is a major. The Adjutant and S-1 is a lieutenant; he deals with personnel administration and reports. In combat he keeps the unit journal and makes up strength and

casualty reports. He is assisted by a warrant officer and the men of the Headquarters Section.

The S-2 is a lieutenant. He heads the Intelligence Section and is assisted by four specialists who help with the intelligence maps, reports and plans. They also act as scouts and observers.

The Operations Section consists of the S-3, a major, and his assistant. They work out the details of the battalion training schedule. In battle this section is concerned with the tactical plans and orders for the battalion.

The S-4 is a captain. He advises

the commanding officer on all things pertaining to the battalion supply system. In combat he supervises plans for the supply of ammunition, water, rations, fuels, and equipment.

The Communications Platoon provides the means by which the battalion is controlled in combat. The battalion Communications Officer is a captain. His platoon has a headquarters and 39 specialists divided among the Message Center Section, the Wire Section, and the Radio Section.

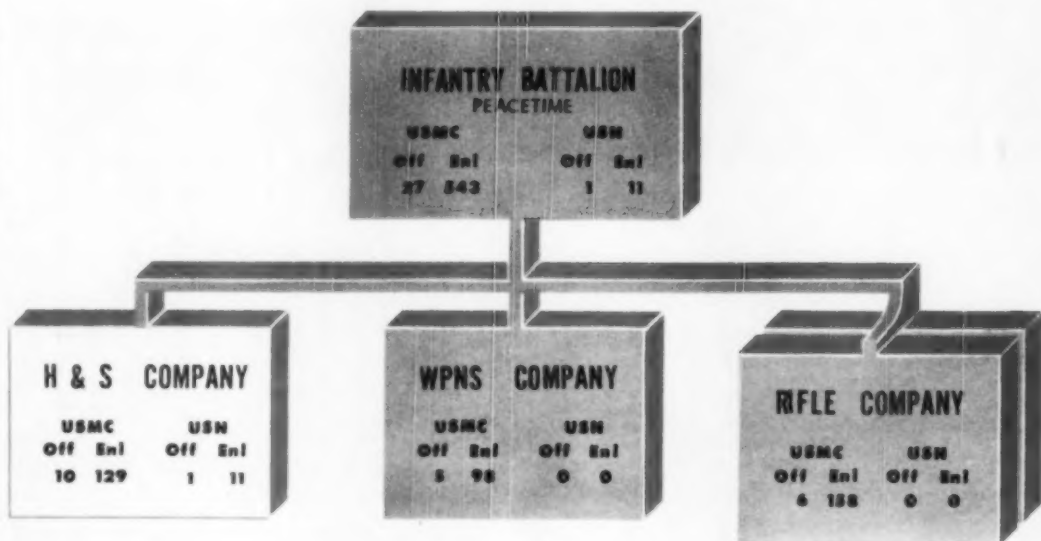
The Service Platoon provides the specialists required to store and issue equipment and supplies. It consists of a Platoon Headquarters, a Service Section containing mechanics and drivers for battalion vehicles—but also carpenters and barbers for battalion heads.

The Mess Section, under the "Mess Management Chef" (don't laugh, mess sergeant) has the all important job of feeding the outfit.

The Medical Platoon is made up of Navy people who look after the aches, pains, pills and GSW. God bless 'em.

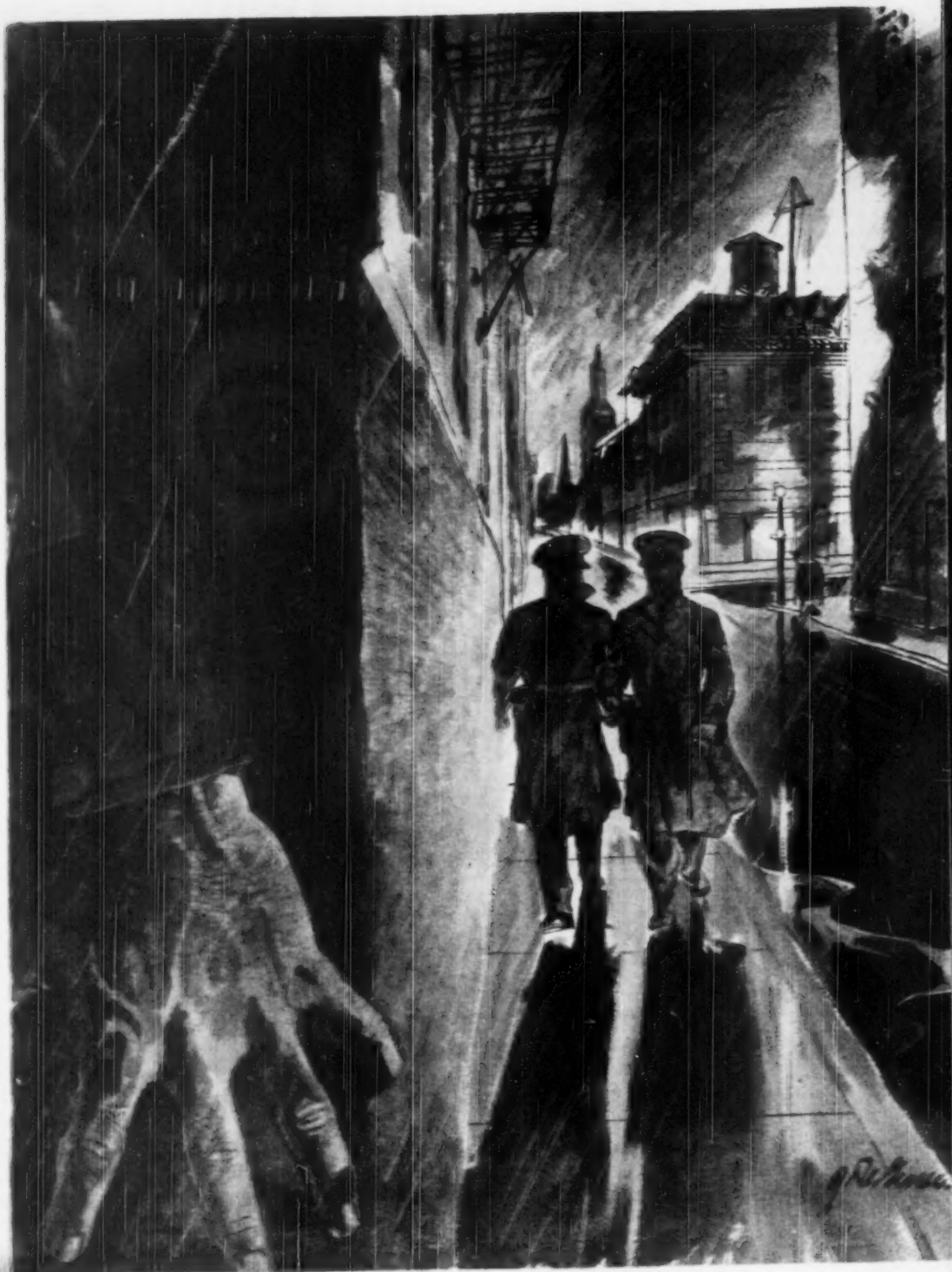
Battalion Headquarters is the nerve center of the battalion—from whence all orders flow, not only to harass the fighting troops—but also to help them.

END



## PEACETIME







# The Tip-Off

by TSgt. Francis J. O'Neil

**Joey was smart—he figured  
that a Marine MP sergeant  
could get away with murder!**

JOEY moved close against the moist brick wall of the warehouse, hunched his big shoulders nervously inside the brown trench coat, and settled down to wait. It wouldn't be long. He'd clocked the movements of the Marine shore patrol for a week. They would turn the corner halfway up the block in a few minutes, and pass him on their way to the precinct station.

Despite his nervousness Joey smiled. This would be the final touch, he thought: the brassard, the belt and club he'd take from the Marines. It would be rough, bracing two Marines. Shore patrol bulls, at that. But he wasn't too worried. Brooklyn's gutters had taught him every dirty trick in the book. Surprise was in his favor. And he needed that stuff.

Everything else was ready, perfect in every detail.

Joey had a stomach-twinge of pleasure as he thought of how cop-proof this murder was going to be. He was really an artist, a smart sharper when it came to human destruction. To be Bat Fallon's hatchet man you had to be good. The kingpin of the rackets in the city, Bat demanded top talent for his homicides. And Joey had it.

This was his sharpest job to date. Knock over Arthur Tortonna! There wasn't another hood in the country who'd touch the caper with a fork. The "Pink Fan," Tortonna's night club over on Seventh Avenue, was front for the card rooms upstairs. Tortonna cleared thousands monthly up there and he'd refused Fallon a cut. In fact, he'd invited Bat to come get him. What a sucker! Well, Bat would; only he, Joey, would do the getting. But good.

Joey felt his back stiffen. Through the chill gusts of rain that swept the dark stretch of street he saw two figures moving past a street light. In the weak cone of light, black-visored hats glinted. Joey flattened against the wall. His hands brushed the rough wet surface. He slipped the heavy sap from his trench coat pocket.

The two Marines moved slowly toward Joey, their heads partly bent against the driving rain. The coldness of the wall crept through to Joey's shoulders. Then the pair were abreast of him.

Joey sucked in a breath. He ran forward. He swung the sap in a looping arc. He felt the impact jar his right arm as it struck the head of the nearest Marine. The Marine let out a sharp cry and crumpled to the pavement. The nightstick fell from his hand, skidded over the wet cement and clattered into the gutter. The other Marine whirled. Joey heard the sharp intake of breath. The Marine caught sight of him in the drench of rain, crouched. Joey moved in swiftly, his long leg lashed out, and the foot met the Marine's chin with a breaking crunch. The Marine pitched forward, lay still. Joey knelt down and stripped the brassard, the white web belt and the nightstick from the nearest Marine.

Joey unlocked the door to the tailor shop and stepped into the musty-smelling interior. He closed and locked the door behind him, inspected the pulled shades on the two small windows and snapped on the light. Then, circling the scarred counter, he walked over to the work table that ran along the yellow fly-specked back wall and put down the brassard, belt and nightstick on the littered top.

This is nice, he thought, looking around and peeling off sopping gloves. He hadn't realized what a break old Jeff Roeburg had given him years ago. He'd only appreciated getting out of the orphanage. It hadn't been a soft touch learning the needle trade with Jeff, him running off at the mouth about hard work, honesty and all that. Got on a man's nerves.

It had been worth-while, though, like the risky go with the two Marines. He remembered watching Jeff beat his brains out at the pants presser, the sewing machine. What did it ever get the old bat? When he kicked off he left Joey the shop and two \$50 war bonds. A

lousy hundred bucks! That was rich. But the shop itself was a perfect blind; he'd say that much. A good place to pass time between jobs, taking care of the thin trade.

Joey tossed the trench coat on a chair and looked at the forest-green uniform neatly hanging on the clothes-stand. He grinned and lifted it down. He inspected the six red stripes of a master sergeant, the two tilted hash-marks, the triple tier of ribbons. Down to the last combat star on the yellow and red area ribbon they were complete, precise. Joey chuckled as he recalled the big sergeant proudly reading off his rows of fruit salad in the bar over on Main Street. Yessir, you had to remember every angle, every tiny fact.

Joey opened the table drawer and took out the picture of a Marine he'd ripped from the old magazine at the public library. The Marine was standing full view in front of an airplane. Joey read the caption and the date—March '45.

Point by point Joey checked the uniform, his narrowed eyes jumping from the uniform to the picture and back. He shook out the khaki shirt, checked the tie against it; picked up the visored hat and checked the bronze globe-and-anchor emblem, the dark strap. He ran a finger over the smooth shine on the cordovan brown, low-cut shoes. Putting them neatly just under the uniform he straightened and his lower lip tucked up in a grimace of satisfaction.

HE remembered how he'd almost tripped up when he started out to get the uniform. There'd been a few odds and ends in the shop, left over from the war: the shirt, chevrons, an emblem or two. But he'd intended getting all the rest at some Army and Navy store. The old brain managed to warm up on the way downtown. He'd bought an item here, a piece there. Nobody paid much attention when you bought one thing, but they remembered when you bought a lot. And there'd be

## THE TIPOFF (cont.)

quite a stink about a guy in uniform when they found Torttonni!

Lucky he'd been smart enough to think of that.

Well, all that was left was the waiting now. He sat down on the horsehair chair by the worktable and gave his tight plan of action a mental going over. The reunion of the NCOs from that Marine division would be held at the "Pink Fan" on Friday. He'd checked. A phone call for Friday reservations had brought an apology and an explanation. Okay.

The club would be lousy with shore patrol. Very self-effacing and affable, as befitted the occasion, but still there. He'd fit in. The brassard would be his ticket of admittance. Not only to the club, but to the office in back, too. There were three shore patrol offices in the city; he could be from any of them. Ostensibly on the Navy's business he'd be ushered into Torttonni's presence.

The six-inch, pop-open knife would deliver its message. No noise, no fuss. Quick. Then out to smile at the hood on guard as he closed the door behind him. A short walk across the club and he'd be out to the street. What a cinch. Joey frowned, half wishing there were someone to confide in, someone to appreciate the sharpness of his plan.

But Joey had never confided in anyone in his life. Joey was smart.

Joey put the visored cap in the little suitcase, drew the wide collars of the brown trench coat tight about his neck and slipped outdoors. The rain sifted down, clouding the street lamps.

He walked to the corner, turned and headed down Main Street toward the bus station. The "Pink Fan" was adjacent to the station, its rear entrance opening on the cement enclosure where the buses loaded. Joey walked through the side door of the station and across the waiting room to the locker-lined alcove behind the phone booths. He went to the end of one dim corridor, glanced around. Empty.

He slipped out of the trench coat, snapped open the suitcase and took out the hat. He threw the coat and suitcase into a locker, slid a dime into the lock, slammed the door and twisted the key. He put on the hat, setting the visor evenly above his eyes like the

Marine in the picture. He adjusted the belt neatly around his waist, checked the brassard on his arm; then he walked out through the waiting room into the chill night air, the club gripped tightly in one hand.

The "Pink Fan" was noisy. The dance floor, tables, and the semicircular bar on one side were crowded with Marines in dress blues. Here and there a man wore the regular forest-green uniform. The dance band was struggling against the babble of animated talk. Joey sauntered between the tables, nodding with a smile to an occasional group here and there. Two Marine corporals stood by one wall, shore patrol brassards identical with Joey's on their arms. One of them looked at Joey as he passed, then nodded and raised his nightstick in a nonchalant salute. Joey

Joey came in. He heard the door close behind him.

"Just thought I'd check with you, sir," Joey said. "You think we got enough men on to cover the reunion this evenin'?"

Torttonni grinned, big teeth white against the fat, dark face. "Oh, sure, sarge. If anything comes up my men can help handle . . ."

Joey was beside the desk. He laid his nightstick down. Torttonni was lounging back in the swivel chair, thumbs hooked into vest pockets above the bulge of stomach. Joey flipped his wrist, slipping the knife down from the band of his forearm. He snapped it open, shoving up on Torttonni's chin with the other hand. The knife-hand shot forward. Joey felt Torttonni's body tighten. It lunged upwards. Then it relaxed with a languid slowness. The body flopped forward, sprawling loose-jointed across the desk. Joey raised the head, checked an eye. White.

Joey turned, slipped the knife into his pocket, picked up the club. He crossed the room swiftly, opened the door, stepped out and closed it behind him. He smiled at the hood again and said, "Thanks," then he walked up the short corridor to the club, threading his way among tables. Oh, this was rich; wait till that fat-head went into the office . . .

Joey stopped short, started to step around the Marine in his path.

"Just a minute, sarge." It was the shore patrol corporal who had nodded to him.

Joey frowned, a little twinge of panic biting at his belly. "Yuh, yuh, what is it?"

"Sarge, I'd like to see your ID card."

The corporal smiled, but his eyes were wary.

"What? Look, kid," Joey blustered, the panic rising, "don't bother me with how tough your are. I oughta turn y'in." Out of the corner of one eye Joey saw the hood outside Torttonni's office stiffen. The hood left the door on a dead run. Joey tried to push by the Marine. "I'll forget it this time, but . . ."

"Whatsa matter here? Whatsa matter?" It was Torttonni's hood. He grabbed the corporal's arm.

"I want to see his ID card," the corporal said. "He refuses to . . ."

The hood looked at the corporal, then at Joey and then his head snapped in the direction of Torttonni's office. "Holy



grinned and went on. Accomplishment was within easy reach. Joey felt good.

As he had expected, a hefty hood, thick shoulders bunched into a tuxedo, stood at one door in the corridor leading to the rest rooms. Joey approached, smiling.

"Okay to see the manager, sir?" Joey asked. "Like to check a few things."

The hood hesitated. Then: "Sure, sure, sarge. We're always glad t'help." Keeping the suckers happy, Joey thought. He watched as the hood tapped on the door and then swung it open.

"Shore patrol t'see yuh, boss," the hood said.

Torttonni sat suave as a banker behind a big mahogany desk. He waved a white hand. "Fine," he said. "Come in, sergeant, come in."

cow!" he yelled. He wheeled and ran through the crowd toward the office. Two other bulky tuxedos left the bar and hurried after him.

Joey felt the scalding impact of fear. The other corporal moved up and pinned his arm. The hood was back then, wild-eyed. "A mess... A helluva mess! this rat just shivved Torttonni. He's dead as dead in there." His hands went in panic over Joey's neat uniform, found the half-dry knife—ketchup-red. The other two hoods moved in fast. Joey felt his shoulders sag, a wild, crying despair well up in his chest.



Joey sat slumped in the wooden chair in the grim anteroom of the precinct station and stared at the gray, peeling paint. He brought his eyes down and glanced over the written confession in his hand. He took the pen from the big cop and signed his name slowly. He asked for a cigarette and one of the Marines stepped forward and gave him one. He recognized the corporal who had braced him.

"You!" he said, his nose twisting in disgust. "If it wasn't..." Joey stopped. He stared at the Marine. "Look, kid, tell me something. I sweated over this set-up; it was tight. What tipped you off?"

The Marine tapped Joey's arm. "The stripes. See the three on the bottom; go straight across? Old technician stripes. They were outlawed back at the end of '45. I figured a guy that makes as much fuss about uniform regulations as a shore patrol NCO does, wouldn't go waltzing around with a big red and green boner on his arm."

Joey listened, and then he started to laugh, and he kept on laughing until the big cop slapped him. **END**

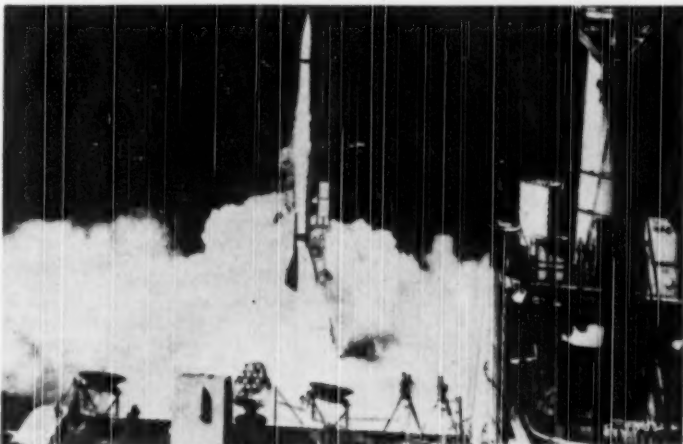
## Sky lines

by MSGT. FRED G. BRAITSCH, JR.

Leatherneck Staff Writer

High-flying drones with the speed of jet fighters will soon be testing the fire power of the Navy's big guns. The drones, termed the Martin KDM-1, are fitted to a mother plane. They are taken aloft and released from a special pylon near the mother plane's wing tip. First tests will be made at Johnsville, Pa. After being launched from the plane, the Martin drone is controlled entirely by radio while being watched on a radar screen. The KDM-1 is powered by a Marquart ram-jet engine, burning ordinary gasoline.

A 60-ton, experimental Navy seaplane, powered by four turbo-prop engines has passed its initial flight test at the Consolidated factory, San Diego. Designated XPSY-1, it is the first U.S. seaplane to be powered by the Navy-Allison turbo-prop engine. The flying boat was built for long range sea search missions and anti-submarine patrol. Designed for quick take-offs, the plane has better than a 3000-mile range. It will carry an 11-man crew in addition to heavy offensive and defensive armament.



An American-built, single-stage rocket leaves the deck of the USS Norton Sound on its record-breaking high altitude research flight of 106.4 miles over the equator

The Navy has established a new altitude record for an American-built single-stage rocket. A Martin Viking fired from the Navy's first rocket launching ship, the USS Norton Sound, reached an altitude of 106.4 statute miles. The launching took place on the equator near Christmas Island in the mid-Pacific May 11. Rockets of the German V-2 type have been fired up to 114 miles at White Sands, N. Mex., and American built types, previously up to 75 miles.

• • •

The Navy is spending \$537.5 million for 798 aircraft with the fiscal year 1950 aircraft procurement funds. Complete aircraft and spares will account for \$550.6 million of this fund with the remaining \$6.9 million for related items. Purchases will be made from Douglas, Grumman, Lockheed, Glen L. Martin, McDonnell, North American, Piasecki and the Chance Vought division of the United Aircraft Corp.

A Chesapeake Bay fisherman was startled recently when he hauled in a strange looking contraption. His "fish" turned out to be a Martin Gorgon IV ram-jet-powered pilotless aircraft. Launched by the Navy as a target drone to test fire control equipment, the drone proved too swift for Navy gunners. It flew until it ran out of fuel and then automatically parachuted into the Atlantic where it drifted for a year before being "caught".

• • •

Altitudes of 100,000 feet and speeds up to four times that of sound are being simulated for testing large-scaled ram-jet engines in the Navy's new test chamber at the Ordnance Aerophysics Lab, Daingerfield, Tex. The chamber is being operated by the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft corporation for the Bureau of Aeronautics with the tests under the direction of Johns Hopkins University Applied Physics laboratory.

# Airdale

by TSgt. George Burlage

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by SSgt. Jack Stockbower

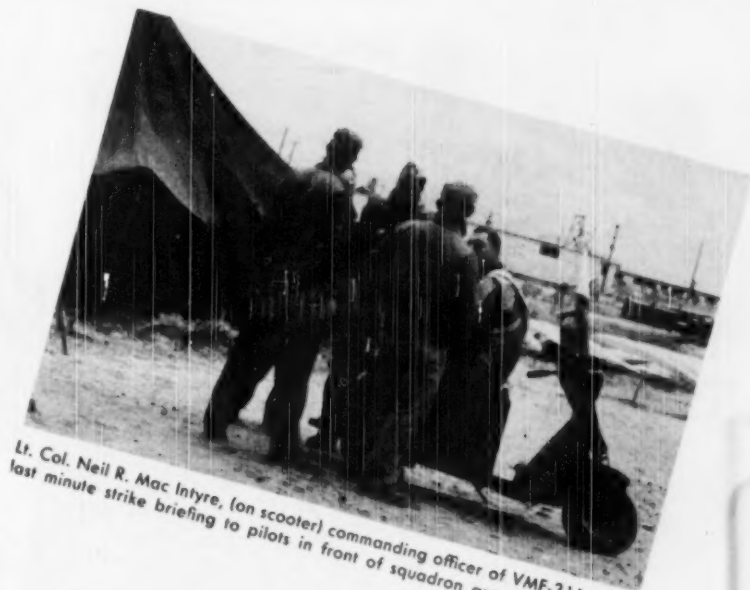
USMC





**D**URING a ten day period last May, pilots and ground personnel of Marine Air Group 12 abandoned their clean white barracks and mess halls at El Toro, lived in dusty tents and ate "C" Rations at the Navy's wartime Ream Field. They were on "Operation Airdale," the Marines' first emergency air exercise of its kind on the West Coast since World War II.

Airdale was the first in a series of exercises to prepare the aviation personnel for any emergency they might meet in combat. This operation was designed to test the Table of Allowances of a Marine Air group at an ad-



Lt. Col. Neil R. MacIntyre, (on scooter) commanding officer of VMF-311, gives last minute strike briefing to pilots in front of squadron area at Ream Field

vanced base for a period of ten days without the availability of additional supplies. It also served to train the personnel and prove their ability to set up and operate from a forward base under simulated combat conditions. All food, ordnance supplies, replacement parts, maintenance equipment—everything necessary for operation and survival except gasoline and water—was flown in with the ground personnel to set up the advanced base of operation.

For this operation it was assumed that the troops of an unfriendly nation had invaded and were overrunning the mainland of a friendly country. Within a few days these troops would consolidate their positions and threaten our sea lanes. Therefore, our forces must counterattack immediately to prevent the enemy from taking complete control of the area and dislodge them from their positions.

Friendly troops controlled an island with an airstrip which was within air striking distance of the enemy troops on the mainland. The inhabitants of the island could supply our air group with gasoline and water so it was decided that operations would be carried out against the enemy from this island. On the map Target X, or the enemy controlled mainland, was the Camp Pendleton area. San Diego Island, the island from which the air group would operate, was designated as the area surrounding Ream Field.

The operation began on the morning of May 9, when "emergency orders" were flashed to Colonel E. C. Dyer, Commanding Officer of Marine Air Group 12, to set up an advanced base

on San Diego Island and attack Target X for a period of ten days without further help or supplies. Immediately, 30 R5Ds of Marine Air Group 25 were requisitioned, loaded with supplies and ground personnel, and flown to Ream Field. Lieutenant Colonel Paul J. Fontana's jet pilots of VMF 311, flying their TO1s and F9Fs for the first time as a tactical unit, provided a fighter cover for the transports while Lieutenant Colonel Harry Taylor's all-weather squadron, VMF(N) 513, flew to the field in a fighter sweep.

Ream Field, which suddenly became an air base on San Diego Island, is a



Home away from home. Pfc Duxbury, O'Neal and Erickson shoot the breeze

# AIRDALE (conf.)



TSgt. R. F. Kibbee in the emergency control tower set up at Ream Field gives the green light to MAG-12 fighter plane to take off on flight during Operation Airdale

Navy auxiliary air field on the Mexican border and is just north of Tijuana and about 14 miles south of San Diego. It has been in a caretaker status for over a year and the surrounding fields were overgrown with wild oats and weeds. This impeded the progress of the men in setting up the camp and presented a fire hazard. Water and gasoline were available at the field. Fire fighting trucks and jeeps were furnished by Naval Air Station at North Island and the Miramar Auxiliary Air Station.



Lt. Col. Neil R. MacIntyre took over as boss stove-piper of all El Toro jetsters

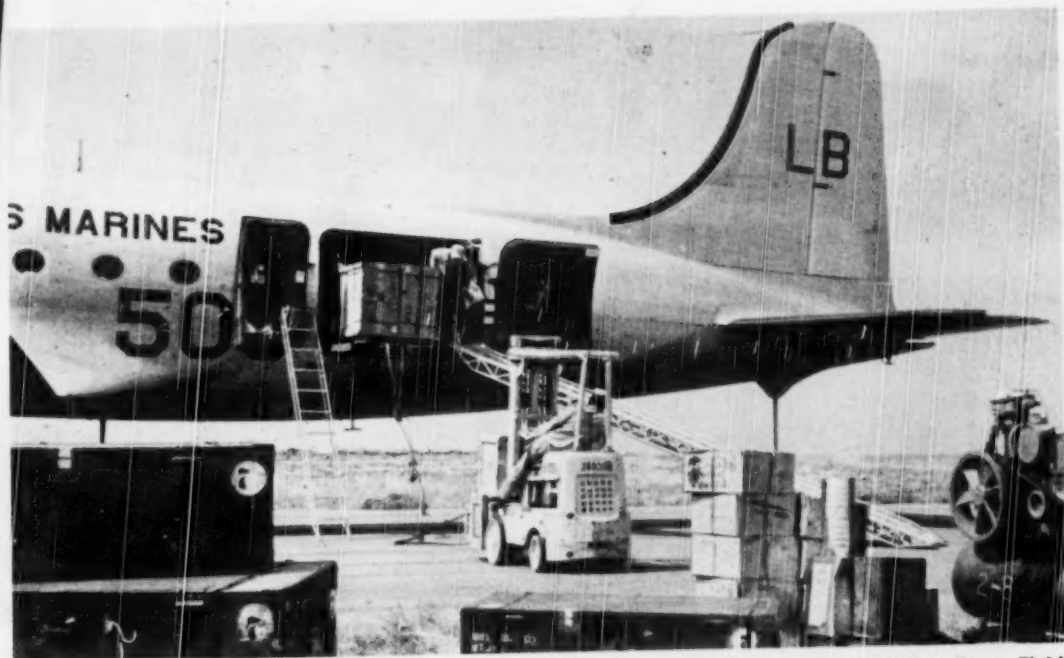


Lt. Col. Paul Fontana, MAG-12 CO, and exec., Lt. Col. R. A. Beard, plan air strike

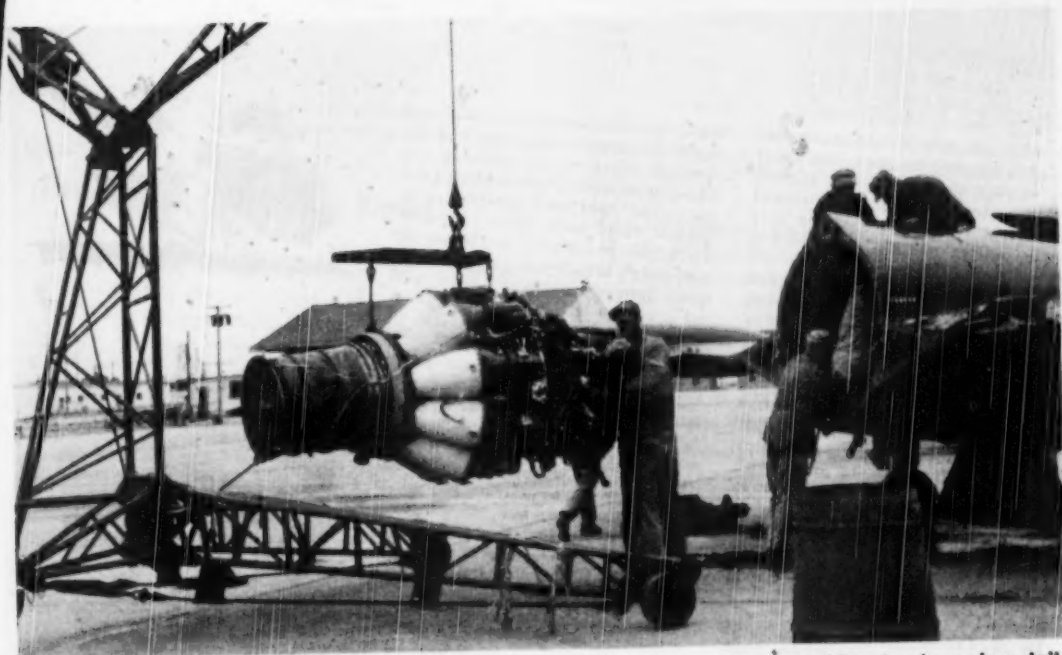
As soon as the Skymasters came to a stop on the Ream Field runways men started unloading equipment to get the field into immediate operation. Ground personnel took over the abandoned control tower and set up operational and communications equipment for the two fighter squadrons. Supply and ordnance men were busy establishing their dumps to keep the planes supplied with fuel and bombs as soon as they started attacking Target X. Operations and maintenance tents were set up just off the runways and for living quarters



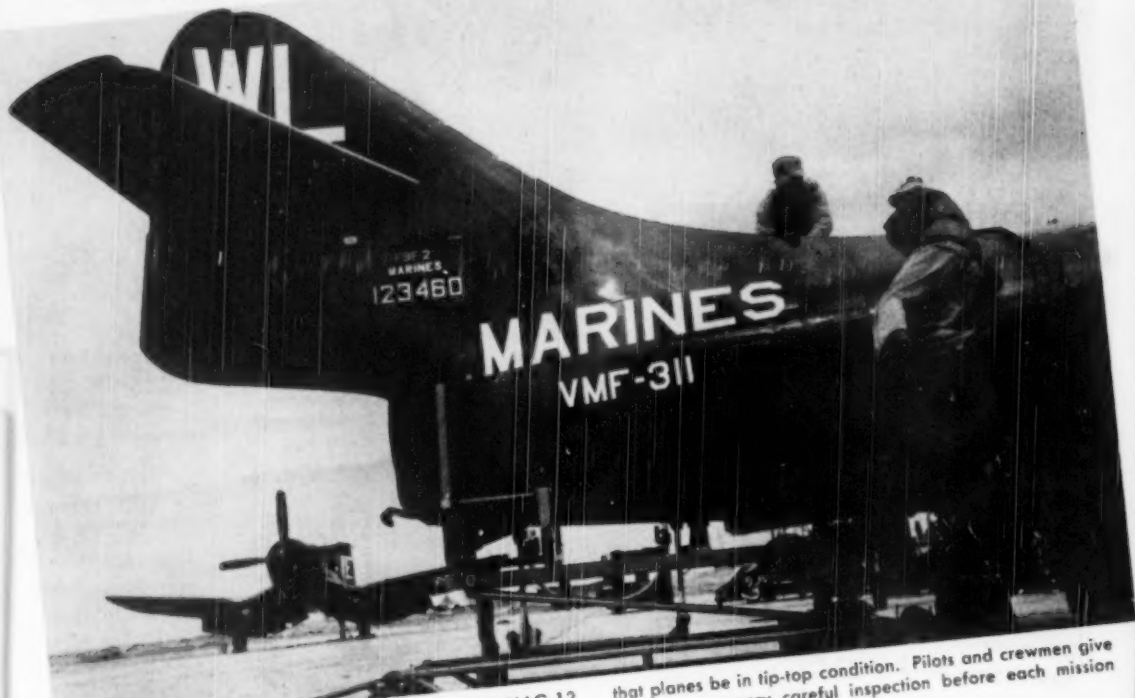
Air for up in the air. Sgt. E. J. Durham and Corp. L. W. Jones fill oxygen bottles for high altitude flying jet fighter pilots of Marine Air Group-12



End of the line. A giant Skymaster drops a 10-day supply of food, equipment and material at Ream Field



A jet gets a new engine in simple operation. Pull off tail section; put in a new blow torch; replace tail



A Grumman F9F Panther gets a complete check by MAG-12 aircraft mechs before next hop. High-speed flight requires

that planes be in tip-top condition. Pilots and crewmen give jet fighters a very careful inspection before each mission

an area was cleared and water was piped in to make the camp livable for the ten-day stay. Within 90 minutes after the arrival of the first transport with supplies, the fighter planes were taking off on strafing and bombing missions against Target X.

Both squadrons continued their bombing and strafing strikes against Target X for the first four days. The F4Us, especially equipped with radar for night attacks, flew nightly missions against the enemy.

Although participation in "Demon III" exercises wasn't a scheduled part of their operation, the pilots and planes of Marine Air Group 12 joined with other Marine and Naval Squadrons to make simulated bombing and strafing runs on the beach. On the following Sunday they joined with Marine Air Group 33, which had landed its personnel at Aliso Canyon in support of Demon III, to bomb and strafe the impact area at Camp Pendleton with 1000 and 500 pound bombs, "Tiny Tim" rockets and 20-mm. machine guns. The remainder of Operation Airdale consisted of training flights and bombing practice.

Living conditions for the officers and

men were comparable to those they would encounter in a combat area. Instead of living in pup tents as they would at an advanced base during actual combat they used the more comfortable squad tents. Heavy red dust, which rose periodically to blanket the temporary installations, became the men's greatest complaint. Food with one exception—a belated Sunday dinner served on Tuesday—consisted of "C" Rations.

Over 400 men and 37 fighter planes were used in Airdale. In addition 30 RSDs were employed to transport over 100 tons of equipment and supplies and the ground personnel to the advanced base. Lieutenant Colonel Neil R. MacIntyre, serving as the group operations officer, was in charge of the operation until he relieved Col. Fontana as commanding officer of the jet squadron when Fontana was reassigned to head Marine Air Group 12.

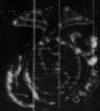
The operation provided the best type of training and experience under conditions unfavorable for supply and maintenance. The job was well done and it added further proof that Marine aviation is prepared to strike back or attack when an emergency arises. **END**



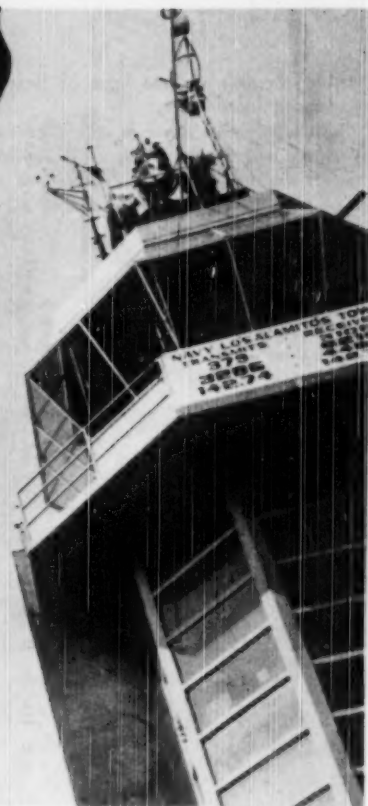
Pics L. Horelica and E. Gonzales brew a barrel of coffee for hungry airmen



# In reserve



by 1st Lieut. Cecil Lewis  
USMCR



As familiar in the California sky as its much publicised sun, are these Corsair fighter planes of the Los Alamitos Marine

Air Reserve squadrons. The detachment has averaged better than 10,000 hours of flying time a year since its organization

## From Los Alamitos, Calif.

### Weekend Wings

SINCE 1942, the Los Alamitos Naval Air Station at Los Alamitos, Calif., has been connected with the Marine Air Reserve. In its present day role as the largest Naval Air Station in the country devoted exclusively to Reserve training, it serves approximately 500 Weekend Marines and several thousand Naval Air Reservists who receive their monthly training there.

A permanent detachment of approximately 65 continuous active duty Marine Reservists and one Regular officer maintain the Marine Reserve training facilities on the station. This group sees that the Reserves, whether they are the newer boots still spending five days a week in a high school classroom or crusty officers with two wars behind them, get the maximum in training during the once-a-month cruise.

While most of the Organized Marine Reserve Ground detachments throughout the country operate

on a one night per week schedule, Los Alamitos' three Marine Air Reserve squadrons complete two full days of flying and training each month to earn their drill pay.

Present commanding officer of the MARD is Colonel Edward B. Carney, USMC, the only Regular in the entire detachment. All others are Reserves on continuous active duty status. Commanding officer for the station is Captain Michael J. Kernodle, USN.

During World War II, the Los Alamitos installation served as a preliminary flight training center for naval aviation cadets, and later was a base for operating fleet squadrons as well. It reverted to the Reserve program in June, 1946, when it was activated as a unit in the Naval Air Reserve program.

At present, the station covers approximately six square miles, taken up by low, rambling stucco and wood structures which blend well with the Southern California landscape. Four runways criss-cross the flat terrain. Barracks have a peacetime capacity of 1600 men; the BOQ and its annexes will house approximately 380 officers. Self-sufficient in all utilities, the

## IN RESERVE (cont.)

station is ideal for the type of Reserve operation performed there.

Enlisted Marine Reserves and officers attending the Saturday and Sunday drills are assigned quarters on the station, and some spend the entire weekend, taking advantage of the theater and other entertainment facilities. Long Beach, only six miles away, is the best bet for liberty.

The Marine Air Reserve detachment piles up an average of 10,000 air hours each year. The two fighter squadrons, VMF 123 and VMF 241, are commanded by Major Donald Clark, USMCR, and Lieu-

station's Marine detachment. He is Captain Carl Buschena, USMCR, who has been on continuous active duty for 21 years. He enlisted in the Regular Marine Corps during the "banana wars" and did five years in Haiti and Nicaragua as a rifleman before transferring to aviation. At the end of his enlistment, he went back to civilian life, but kept his standing in the Reserve.

When the Organized Reserve program was instituted he was asked to return to active duty for a period of one year as a technical sergeant. Since then he has risen to his present rank. During the war he served at Bougainville and in the Philippines, then pulled a tour of duty in the Orient after hostilities ended.



Putting the bite into a Corsair's stinger. Under the direction of MSgt. Weyburn Frank, Sgts. Robert Jeffrey, Harvey Dunn

and R. C. Lane practice load some belted 50-cal. ammo into a Reserve fighter's guns. Men rate this training as tops

tenant Colonel Edward Moore, USMCR, respectively. In civilian life Major Clark is associated with an automobile agency in Fullerton, Calif., while Col. Moore is a personnel officer for the City of Long Beach.

The third Marine squadron, MGCIS 18, the only Reserve Ground Control Intercept Squadron on the Pacific coast, is commanded by Major Samuel A. Gardner of Compton. He is employed by a large Southern California firm as a consulting chemist.

Many of the Reserves who put in appearances on Saturday and Sundays are taking busmen's holidays. Several dozen of them, all former Marines, are civil service workers at the El Toro Marine Air Station. Through the week they work as aviation mechanics and technicians. On designated weekends they don their uniforms and report for duty as Marines.

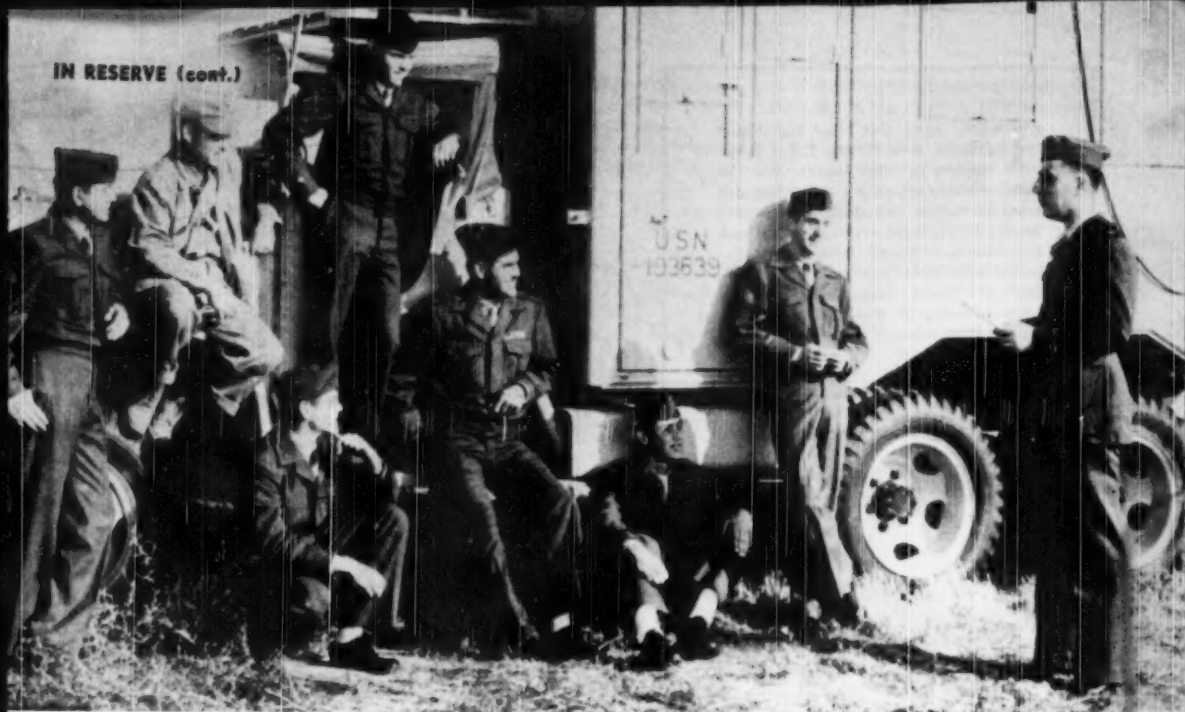
"Mr. Reserve" is in charge of engineering in the

Something faintly reminiscent of wartime practice is being arranged for the Los Alamitos detachment's Summer training this year. In the past the squadrons were ordered to El Toro for the two-week training cruise. This year the men will be loaded onto the huge four-engined transport planes of MAG 25, the recently reorganized transport squadron at the El Toro Marine Air Station, and flown to the Marine Corps Air Station at Cherry Point, N. C. At present, nearly 80 per cent of the men in the three squadrons are expected to participate in the Reserve's own "Operation Airlift."

A special training program for boots recruited from nearby high schools and colleges is already in the books, with the youths getting the word from experienced DIs on the drill ground and rifle range. The men are awarded their Pfc stripes as diplomas.

In charge of the Los Alamitos recruit training pro-

# IN RESERVE (cont.)



The West Coast Marine Air Reserve's only Marine Ground Control Intercept Squadron, MGICIS-18, gets the word from its

commanding officer, Major Samuel Gardner, USMCR, on this year's annual Reserve Summer maneuver training schedule



Keeping the Marine Air Reserve eagles flying. Pfc John B. Richards and Sgr. Donald Beauchamp change radio battery

gram is Second Lieutenant Walter J. Shields, USMCR, of Santa Ana. Now an insurance agent, he served as CAD first sergeant of the organization when it was begun. Shields was one of the youngest first pay grade men in the Marine Corps during World War II; according to official reports he was only 18 years old when he made the rate.

While the two fighter squadrons are made up largely of pilots and NCOs with wartime experience, the Ground Control Intercept Squadron has attracted a large number of high school and college science students with particular interests in physics and radio electronics.

Through the training offered by GCIS, the men learn to spot enemy aircraft and direct friendly planes to intercept them. In addition to furnishing practical experience in radar operation, the monthly drills offer the students an opportunity for practical experiments in the scientific field. The contingent is made up of educationally qualified men, many of them students at USC, UCLA and California Tech.

"We're lucky to have this type of man available for training in peacetime," said one of the officers.

"With the education they have and the practical training they are getting as enlisted men in the Reserve program, some may easily become the junior officers of such units—should there be another emergency."

END

THE Sack Rat, like the Chow Hound, is a Marine Corps institution. In order that he may be more readily recognized in his natural habitat, a few outstanding examples have been chosen for special study and are described below. Actual case histories have been used to better illustrate the breed. Any resemblance to persons living or still in the sack, is purely incidental.



# Sack Rats

by Lee Ruttie



## RAT, SACK, M1, 1903, (Sergeant Major Phinnias Q. McWhordle)

McWhordle is probably the Marine Corps' greatest sack rat. Man and boy, he has spent some 235,060 hours in the sack since he has been in the Marine Corps. This figure is based on an average of 14 hours a day, for 46 years. Of course, in fairness to other contenders, and in the interests of scientific accuracy, one should deduct the eight legitimate hours each night. That still leaves 91,540 hours of sack time fitted into the working day. A hell of a lot of time in the prone position in any man's Marine Corps.

Historians have no record as to how he managed to chalk up so many hours before he became a sergeant major. After he got all his rockers it was easy to see just how he ran up his score. In fact, his method of operation might be classed as a fine art. The amazing thing is that in spite of all that sack time, he did get all his work done. His battalion ran as smoothly as

a mallard duck's swimming party.

The secret of his success seemed to lie in his astute selection of an assortment of fugitives from line duty, commonly called clerks, as well as other unmentionable names. The sergeant major jammed his office with this gang of eager beavers who were perfectly willing to bury their noses in mountains of payroll sheets, record books and assorted reports; while the boss slipped out the back way.

He was next seen, headed for the barracks on the double. Passing through a squad room, he would rout all resting Pfc's and send them out on a working party. This gave him a clear field, as Pfc's, otherwise unoccupied, might disturb him by applying for a furlough. From there, it was a short haul to NCO, First Pay Grade, Quarters. Once inside the Inner Sanctum, McWhordle flopped on the nearest sack, never his own. The true Sack Rat never uses his own sack for extra-circular sack time, simply because it might render it quite unfit for inspection. The same rule applies to pillows. McWhordle gathered all the pillows in sight, except his own, and stacked them up to mountainous heights. He also considered it bad form to remove his shoes. Once comfortably established, the sergeant major commenced a symphonic drone of snoring comparable only to a squadron of jet planes in a series of power dives.

## RAT, SACK, M2, 1918, (Staff Sergeant Wellington J. Gooley)

Sergeant Gooley became a Sack Rat in the muddy trenches of World War I. Some people said he came from a farm in Iowa where they raised hogs and he got his ideas from the porkers. At any rate, Gooley was able to knock off quite a creditable number of hours under moist conditions. In fact, he did more sleeping when it rained than at any other time. And weather reports on that particular war indicate the sun rarely shone.

After the war was over, Sgt. Gooley suffered untold agonies for awhile, as they sent him out to the West Coast, San Diego. According to the Chamber of Commerce in that fair city, the sun never does anything but shine. Gooley lost a lot of sack time. Then he discovered there was an area near San Diego where rain was known to fall now and then, creating little puddles and nice, soft mud holes. Gooley got himself transferred to Camp Pendleton without delay. Whenever a cloud appeared in the sky, he could be seen dashing across the area toward his favorite mud hole.

When the big conflict in the Pacific broke, Gooley became a fox hole enthusiast. The average rainfall on Guadalcanal suited his purpose perfectly. His only objection was having to share his sack time with land crabs.





### RAT, SACK, M3, 1936, (Sergeant Beauregard P. Nasty)

Nasty is a luxury boy. He works in the PX, surrounded by all the little gew-gaws and gim-cracks calculated to tempt the hard-working Marine. Pogey bait, emblem rings, picture frames, ice cream, and rainbow-hued neckties; all these elegant objects make Sgt. Nasty so blasé that he has to put up a little sign which announces that the PX is closed for inventory. The sign is always up when you run out of supplies and have a pocketful of money. Actually what happens is that Nasty has become so bored with his soft job that he must hit the sack for a few hours.

When he retires behind the glitter and tinsel of his shop, he goes to a luxuriously furnished den and slumbers on not one, but two mattresses. All PX hands rate two mattresses. Don't ask why. Soft lighting, augmented by sweet music, lulls him into a trance which lasts for days.



### RAT, SACK, M4, 1938, (Corporal George M. Dullard)

Dullard is a QM man and a mystic. Approximately once a month his sack time is interrupted. That is when regular issues of clothing and other materiel are distributed to the peasants. The remainder of the time is spent in a kind of ritual, pagan to be sure, but ecstatically restful to Corp. Dullard.

He retires to the warehouse in these quiet periods and finds a dark corner, up near the ceiling, on top of a pile of crates. Then he stretches his weary limbs and flops on a box of boon-dockers, size 12-AA, protruding nails and all. A can of sardines is his pillow. In nothing flat the guy is asleep. It takes a declaration of war to arouse him. How he is able to sleep on those

crates with nails sticking out is something of a mystery. Rumor has it that he once did time in India and got the knack from one of those religious fakirs who sleep on beds of nails just for a gag.



### RAT, SACK, M5, 1940, (Pfc. Milford A. Brightly)

Pfc. Brightly is another enigma. He is the last one to hit the sack after Taps and the first one to get up at the crack of dawn. At bedtime, he puts around, shines shoes, writes letters after the lights are out by scratching matches, and rearranges his locker box. When morning comes, he leaps from the sack like a startled fawn, while everyone else slumbers deeply and warmly, and starts the day with a song. Some how, he is able to replenish the short-ration of sleep he obtains by taking short, unscheduled naps throughout the day. When everybody else is wide awake, raring to go and activity at its highest pitch, Brightly will calmly go to sleep in the bouncing bed of a recon truck, or on the plunging deck of an amphib tank. Even at machine gun school he finds no difficulty in dropping off to sleep. He can sleep in any position, standing, sitting, or doubled up on a stack of ammo during an air raid.



### RAT, SACK, M6, 1942, (Private Borselino M. Weake)

Private Weake never weighs less 210, and is always willing to risk his neck to prove how strong he is. But with all his brawn, the guy simply does not get enough extra sleep. The only way he can get it is to fall out for sick call. Of course, he gets a fair amount of the usual number of hours each night; but

it is those little snatches of sleep one picks up in the daytime that he really misses.

For some reason, Weake is kept busy on heavy working parties throughout the day. In the evening, the other guys like to take him on liberty for protection. Hence, he is deprived of those early sack hours in addition to the sweet relaxation of stolen rest.

So when sick call blows he sees his opportunity to knock off a few. Once over at Sick Bay, he is able to convince the corpsmen that he is suffering from a rare form of malignant fatigue and he is ordered to hit the sack for a couple of days. And does he sleep!

The other guys in Sick Bay with legitimate ailments can't even get him to join them in a friendly game of pinocle. Finally, when the doctor comes around and gets a good look at him, the vacation is over.



### RAT, SACK, M7, 1944 (Private Harry Morgenthau Binge)

Private Binge is a Liberty Hound as well as a Sack Rat. Logic dictates that one cannot be one without being the other. Binge stays in town until the last bus disappears up the highway toward the Base. If he has enough dough left, he hires a taxi and rides in style, getting in a brief snooze enroute. Otherwise, he hikes the five miles and tumbles into his sack, singing, "They sent for MacArthur to come to Tulagi . . ." at the top of his voice. He thinks this inspires *esprit de corps* in his ship mates—at four in the morning.

Shortly after Binge gets into his sack and is really knocking them off, the bugle blows. It is morning. But does Binge care? No. He is sleeping like a baby. Some guy who owes him money answers roll call for him. He sleeps through chow. His stomach doesn't feel so good.

He is finally routed out of the sack five minutes before inspection. It takes three other boys to square away his gear.

The rest of the day he goes around with his eyes wide open. But he is still sound asleep.

END

# MARINE CORPS CHANGES

Marine Corps Special Orders  
#111-50  
to  
Marine Corps Special Orders  
#125-50

REED, JOHN C. H., Tsgt. (3378) fr FMFPac to MB Camfem  
PETROCKILL, CARMEN P., Tsgt. (0410) fr TTTU Naf/PhilBase Little Creek Va to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
GILLMAN, GEORGE F., Tsgt. (3279) fr 2dMarDiv Camfem to MCAS Cherry Point  
WOOD, CHARLES D., Tsgt. (0519) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
JONES, ARTHUR W., Tsgt. (3239) fr MCH Quantico to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
CHANCE, SANFORD L., Tsgt. (3314) fr 1stMCRD San Francisco to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
FOUCHT, CHARLES E., Tsgt. (3129) fr MCH Quantico to MCRD P.I.  
FAPAL, ALEXANDER, Tsgt. (0119) fr MB NNSD Pusan Va to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
ADAMCZYK, VINCENT J., Ssgt. (0090) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
CAMPBELL, ROBERT W., Ssgt. (0311) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
NARGELE, ROBERT A., Ssgt. (0414) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
NUSSEN, HERBERT A., Ssgt. (0413) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
SEWERS, LEROY A., Ssgt. (0413) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
JACKSON, HORACE F., Ssgt. (0400) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MAD NATTC NAB Memphis  
JOLLY, JAMES W., Ssgt. (3379) fr MarPac to MCAS El Toro  
CARR, JAMES F., Mgt. (3014) fr MarPac to Barstow Amer Calif  
WICKERHAM, JOHN B. H., Mgt. (2019) fr MarPac to MB Marela Valco Calif  
FORD, JOHN E., Mgt. (2011) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to NafBase NTC  
ROBERTS, GEORGE V., Mgt. (1319) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to MCH Quantico  
HICK, JAMES H., Mgt. (0149) fr MB Camfem to MB WashDC  
KREPP, EDWARD W., Mgt. (0219) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
COFFEY, CLEBURNE M., Mgt. (0319) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
RICHMOND, JAMES C., Mgt. (0149) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to TTTU Naf/PhilBase Little Creek Va  
GILL, WOODROW W., Mgt. (0209) fr NB NafVa to MCH Quantico Va  
DEAN, JOHN L., Mgt. (0091) fr MB Camfem to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
CHRISTIE, MARTIN B., Mgt. (2339) fr MB Camfem to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
NEILSON, HERBERT H., Mgt. (0149) fr MB NTC Great Lakes Ill to MCH Quantico  
LITCHFIELD, CHARLES A., JR., Tsgt. (3200) fr MCRD P.I. to MB Camfem  
GUSTAFSEN, ROLAND S., Tsgt. (2519) fr MarPac to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
STURGIS, RICHARD C., Tsgt. (1919) fr MarPac to TTTU Naf/PhilBase Little Creek Va  
BECKER, ROBERT C., Tsgt. (0310) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
KOLASAR, JOHN, Tsgt. (0310) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to TTTU NafBase Coronado Calif  
MONTGOMERY, TALTON B., Tsgt. (0147) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to TTTU NafBase Little Creek Va  
MOON, RICHARD W., JR., Tsgt. (3310) fr MB Camfem to DQMF  
FRYE, ROBERT C., Ssgt. (0319) fr MB WashDC to MCH Quantico  
WALSH, WALTER V., Ssgt. (3239) fr MB NND Yorktown to MCAS Cherry Point  
GREEN, EARL, Ssgt. (2311) fr MB NNSD Pusan Va to MCAS Cherry Point  
DAVIS, DWIGHT A., Ssgt. (0147) fr NafBase NafVa to MB WashDC  
LYNK, KUCIEN R., JR., Ssgt. (2330) fr MB NND Yorktown to MCH Quantico  
TACONIC to MCH Quantico  
THOMPSON, WILLIAM J., Ssgt. (2334) fr NB NafVa to MB NTC  
McDANIEL, WILLIAM D., JR., Ssgt. (0147) fr MCRD P.I. to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
VALENTINE, ROBERT W., Ssgt. (2241) fr MB NTC Great Lakes Ill to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
WARREN, HAROLD G., Ssgt. (3310) fr MCAS Cherry Point to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
SMITH, JOHN R., Ssgt. (1129) fr 2dMarDiv Camfem to Hq FMFPac  
HIGGINS, EDWIN T., Ssgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
JONES, RICHARD H., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point

ANDREWS, HARVEY P., Mgt. (0140) fr MB NNSD Pusan to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
FRITZ, ARTHUR A., Tsgt. (1129) fr MCRD P.I. to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
GREER, LUTHER D., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
MUNRO, JOHN J., JR., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
HAKIUS, GEORGE O., Tsgt. (2000) fr MarPac to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
FLOYD, GROVER C., JR., Sg. (0413) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro  
STRANSKY, MARY E., Ssgt. (0147) fr MarPac to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
SWANK, HENRY C., Ssgt. (0111) fr MCAS El Toro to MCRD P.I.  
BAILEY, JACK, Ssgt. (3371) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to FMFPac  
GUZENSKI, ROBERT J., Ssgt. (0419) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro  
PATTON, TILMON F., Ssgt. (1800) fr MB NB Chm to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
CHEVITSKI, JOHN A., Ssgt. (0010) fr MB NB Chm to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
BISSETT, ROBERT F., Mgt. (3529) fr MCAS El Toro to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
BLOODWORTH, JOHN W., Ssgt. (3539) fr MCAS El Toro to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
BOCHIE, KENNETH F., Mgt. (3539) fr MarPac to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
CORWIN, MAC R., Mgt. (3539) fr MCAS El Toro to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
KLEIDRUE, TIMOTHY G., Mgt. (3529) fr MarPac to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
FISKE, EDWARD H., Mgt. (0319) fr MCRD P.I. to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
HAMEK, LEWIS J., Mgt. (3529) fr MCAS El Toro to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
HOLDEN, LAWRENCE H., Mgt. (0319) fr MB Camfem to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
IVSAR, JOSEPH F., Mgt. (0149) fr MarPac to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
LEARD, ROY W., Ssgt. (0319) fr MB NB Npt RI to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
LEQUITT, RAYMOND E., Mgt. (0090) fr MB 10th Naf/PhilBase Little Creek Va to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
MARNEY, ROGER M., Ssgt. (3539) fr MarPac to MB Camfem  
MILLER, FRED C., Ssgt. (3529) fr MCAS El Toro to MCH Quantico  
MOORE, JAMES P., Mgt. (1800) fr MarPac to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
NEILSON, CLAYTON C., Mgt. (0149) fr MarPac to MB Camfem  
NOOKAN, THOMAS F., Mgt. (0219) fr MB USH Helena to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
PAOLILLI, ALMONTE L., Mgt. (1129) fr 2dMarDiv Camfem to MCH Quantico  
PICK, FRANK E., Mgt. (0090) fr MB NTC Great Lakes to MB NB Annapolis Md  
ROBINSON, ARVAL N., Mgt. (0319) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem  
ANTOINE, GEORGE E., Tsgt. (3519) fr MarPac to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
RANBORN, DON L., Mgt. (0149) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCH Quantico  
ARTHUR, JOHN D., Tsgt. (3519) fr MCH Quantico to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
HARCE, GLENN W., Tsgt. (3529) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
BLAYLOCK, HOMER D., Tsgt. (3149) fr MCAS El Toro to MB Camfem  
BOQUET, ANDREW F., Tsgt. (0319) fr MB NB NTC Great Lakes to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
BORKEN, LEROY R., Tsgt. (3519) fr MCAS El Toro to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
ROTT, MILTON L., Tsgt. (3529) fr MCAS El Toro to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
BRACE, GEORGE T., Tsgt. (3529) fr MCH Quantico to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
BROE, RICHARD W., Tsgt. (3149) fr MCAS El Toro to MCH Quantico  
BURKETT, ROBERT G., Tsgt. (2019) fr MarPac to DQMF  
CARTER, HARRY W., Tsgt. (0310) fr MB Camfem to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
COMPLY, STEPHEN F., Tsgt. (0200) fr MB NAD Alabaster to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
DAVENPORT, JESSE M., Tsgt. (3519) fr MarPac to DQMF  
EASARKY, JOHN A., Tsgt. (0310) fr MCRD P.I. to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
FOSTER, HENRY M., Tsgt. (0319) fr NTC Glades to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
HARRIS, FRED L., Tsgt. (0311) fr NMD Yorktown to FMFPac NafVa  
HOLLAND, WILFORD C., Tsgt. (2319) fr MCH Quantico to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
HAINBROVE, VAN D., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to NAF Memphis  
HOKSTRA, JAMES R., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to NAF Memphis  
KOPF, GEORGE, Tsgt. (0310) fr NafBase Bklyn NY to 2dMarDiv Camfem

MARCUS, STEVEN, Tsgt. (4311) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
S.HROBER, WALTER, Tsgt. (0310) fr MCRD P.I. to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
SMIEKE, HAROLD D., Tsgt. (3539) fr MCAS El Toro to MB Camfem  
ST. JOHN, ARNA C., Tsgt. (0419) fr MB Quantico to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
VAYO, JOSEPH, Tsgt. (3519) fr MarPac to DQMF  
WHITE, JAMES W., Tsgt. (3519) fr MarPac to DQMF  
WRIGHT, KENNETH D., Tsgt. (1129) fr MarPac to MCAS El Toro  
SYDOWICZ, BERNARD, Tsgt. (1841) fr NafBase NafVa to MCH Quantico  
BURK, BUFORD L., Ssgt. (3541) fr MarBks Camfem to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
COOPER, GEORGE B., Ssgt. (3541) fr MarBks Camfem to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
FAGER, HARRY E., Ssgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico  
FERRELL, VIRGIL, Ssgt. (0210) fr MCRD P.I. to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
FRASIER, EDWARD W., Ssgt. (0416) fr NafBase NafVa to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
HOLLOWAY, LOUIS "J", Ssgt. (0310) fr MCRD P.I. to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
JOHNSON, ROBERT E., Tsgt. (4311) fr (MCRD P.I. to MB NTC Glades  
KLIN, LOUIS P., Ssgt. (0310) fr NafBase NafVa to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
MARKOWITZ, SAM, LEONARD, Ssgt. (0310) fr NafBase NafVa to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
MICHAEL, BYRON T., Ssgt. (0310) fr NafBase NafVa to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
MILLER, WILLIAM H., Ssgt. (0310) fr NAD Shumaker Art Bldg to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
PAYNE, EARLE J., Ssgt. (0310) fr NOD Quantico to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
PRINCE, FRED W., Ssgt. (0146) fr MarPac SFRan to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
SANDER, JOHN R., Ssgt. (3541) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to MCAS El Toro  
UMBAUGH, EMMETT J., Ssgt. (0310) fr MCRD P.I. to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
WALKER, BENNY T., Ssgt. (0310) fr MarBks Camfem to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
ALCORN, MURIEL O., Ssgt. (1539) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to DQMF  
REICH, THOMAS E., Mgt. (0319) fr MarPac to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
COLE, PHILIP J., Mgt. (2339) fr MarBks NTC Great Lakes to DQMF  
BUCCIERI, GEORGE J., Ssgt. (3537) fr NAF WashDC to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
RADCLIFF, TEDDY T., Tsgt. (1907) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to NafBase NafVa  
KAISER, RAYMOND J., Ssgt. (0310) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
CLINE, CECIL G., Tsgt. (0310) fr NafBase NafVa to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
SMITH, RICHARD F., Tsgt. (0419) fr MCAS El Toro to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
CHERRY, FRED J., Ssgt. (3541) fr FMFPac to MarBks NafBase NafVa  
HOBBS, JAMES C., Ssgt. (3141) fr MarBks Camfem to 7th 105mm How Bn USMC Dayton  
WORKING, NELSON A., Ssgt. (3543) fr FMFPac to MCH Quantico  
SMITH, RALPH, Ssgt. (0419) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro  
BAKER, WESLEY M., Ssgt. (0100) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
MOLE, JOSEPH E., Tsgt. (0310) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
BARRA, STANLEY, Ssgt. (2211) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to MCH Quantico  
FLEHINO, ARMANDO L., Ssgt. (0090) fr FMFPac to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
MAY, HAROLD V., Ssgt. (3371) fr MCRD P.I. to MCRD P.I.  
SCOTT, DONALD B., Ssgt. (0111) fr 1stMCRD Seal to MCAS El Toro  
KILGUFF, CARROLL E., Mgt. (2349) fr HQ 13th MCRD Seal to MCAS El Toro  
WHITEHOUSE, NATHAN R., Mgt. (3010) fr NAF WashDC to MB NMD Yorktown Va  
BENKIN, JOHN J., Tsgt. (3541) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
BENNETT, HARVEY G., Tsgt. (3549) fr FMFPac to Hq 13th MCRD Seal  
KUBANKS, WERNER H., Tsgt. (2339) fr MarBks Camfem to MCH Quantico  
HARRIS, JOE N., Tsgt. (2339) fr MarBks Camfem to MCAS Quantico  
HAYER, CHARLES M., Tsgt. (0147) fr FMFPac to MCAS El Toro  
FISCHER, ROBERT L., Tsgt. (0310) fr MarPac to MCAS El Toro  
WITKOSKI, JOHN A., Ssgt. (2339) fr 2dMarDiv Camfem to MCAS Quantico  
MOSE, WYNN J., JR., Ssgt. (0310) fr 2dMarDiv Camfem to NafBase NafVa  
DAWSON, CHARLES C., Ssgt. (3539) fr 2dMarDiv Camfem to MCH Quantico  
McAVAY, ROBERT J., Ssgt. (3547) fr FMFPac to 1stMarDiv Camfem  
CLEW, JACOB M., Ssgt. (3519) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to NM Port Chl Calif  
CROSBY, THOMAS A., Mgt. (3019) fr MarPac to MCRD P.I.  
EVANS, WATSON G., Mgt. (0400) fr Naf/PhilBase Little Creek to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
LIVESTON, JOSEPH V., Mgt. (0400) fr NafBase Bklyn NY to MCAS Cherry Point  
McKAY, ROBERT M., Mgt. (3019) fr MarPac to MCRD P.I.  
NOLSKI, CHARLES F., Mgt. (2310) fr MCRD P.I. to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
PROVENCER, RAYMOND, Ssgt. (2019) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to MCRD P.I.  
WICKERHAM, JOHN B. H., Mgt. (2019) fr MarPac to MCRD P.I.  
BURKE, WAND D., JR., Tsgt. (3110) fr MB NB Chm to 2dMarDiv Camfem  
CLOUD, VIRGIL, Tsgt. (3571) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to MB Tressore in SFRan  
DENNY, HENRY J., Tsgt. (0310) fr MCAS El Toro to NAF Memphis  
FELKEN, FREDERICK V., Tsgt. (0310) fr MCAS El Toro to NAF Memphis  
MARTIN, JOHN F., JR., Tsgt. (0310) fr MCAS El Toro to NAF Memphis  
FORD, EARL, Tsgt. (3379) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to NAF Memphis  
LITE, AUGUST H., Tsgt. (3019) fr MarPac to 5th Base Depot SF  
LLOYD, EDWARD, JR., Tsgt. (3019) fr 1stMarDiv Camfem to 5th Base Depot SF

O	N	E	W	A	Y	W	A	S	T
G	A	R	A	N	D	S	A	L	T
U	S	U	R	Y	C	A	R	B	N
P	D	T	U	G	A	N			
S	E	T	W	A	T	E	R	G	A
E	M	H	A	L	T	O	P	E	N
N	O	M	E	N	C	L	A	T	U
S	T	A	R	E	B	O	N	N	W
E	E	L	S	O	B	E	R	B	T
B	A	T	R	U	T	D	I		
B	A	Y	O	N	E	T	S		
O	R	A	T	E	T	R	I	P	O
T	E	N	E	T	C	R	E	D	I

MULLER, DONALD F. Tsgt. (6428) fr MCAR El Toro to NTC Quant.

WILLIS, RICHARD A. Tsgt. (6429) fr MCAR El Toro to MCAR Quant.

PENDLEY, JOSEPH A. Ssgt. (6430) fr 1stMarDiv CamPen to 2dMarDiv CamPen.

BOACH, FLOYD D. Tsgt. (6419) fr MCAR El Toro to MCAR Quant.

SLATER, ARTHUR J. JR. Tsgt. (6419) fr MCAR El Toro to MRAU Quant.

ROOD, WAYNE L. Tsgt. (6419) fr 1stMarDiv CamPen to MCRD Des Moines.

WILKINSON, CLIFFORD H. Tsgt. (6419) fr MarPac to 1st Base Depot St.

BOWEN, KENNETH L. Ssgt. (3161) fr NNSYD PromVa to MB CamPen.

EVERSOLE, CHARLES W. Ssgt. (3013) fr NENorVa to NRD Phila.

KIRCHNER, ROBERT F. Ssgt. (3013) fr NB Des to CRD Chasles Ill.

FLEMING, JAMES, Ssgt. (3044) fr 1stMarDiv CamPen to MCRD Quant.

KLESEYNAR, CHARLES A. Ssgt. (3016) fr MarBaha CamPen to 2dMarDiv CamPen.

MEULL, NORMAN W. Ssgt. (3019) fr MarPac to 1st Base Depot St.

MOORER, CARL R. Ssgt. (3371) fr NB Chasles to MB CamPen.

NELSON, ROBERT G. Ssgt. (3381) fr NavBase NorVa to NTC Quant.

RATHKAMP, GEORGE G. Ssgt. (3013) fr MarPac to WRD SanFran.

SEWARD, RICHARD E. Ssgt. (3013) fr NB NorVa to 2dMarDiv CamPen.

SCHWARTZ, EDWARD, Ssgt. (3019) fr 1stMarDiv CamPen to MCRD Des Moines.

WHITAKER, ROY H. Ssgt. (3016) fr HQBn MarCorps WashDc to MCR Quant.

ARTER, WILLIAM M. Ssgt. (3049) fr 2dMCRD NY to MCR Quant.

CARLIN, FAYETTE A. Mgrt. (1129) fr MarPac to MarBaha NavBase NorVa.

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## COLD WAR I

[continued from page 18]

the four firing positions—prone, sitting, standing and hip shooting—have been assumed at different fire lines, some of them several times. The course includes firing at close range, at a distance, and from behind barricades.

Every FBI Agent must be able to fire the Practical Pistol Course in the allotted time. This means that he must have practiced until ease, timing and accuracy have been achieved, and until every safety measure incorporated in the firing of the course has become habitual.

In addition to the conventional types of firearms training, new Agents fire a Surprise Target Course, using life-sized photographs for targets. The agents are required to recognize the individual and the circumstances—justifying shooting from the standpoint of firing in self-defense. This reaction course offers the same experience as a man would ordinarily receive in 11 different gun battles. It demonstrates the speed with which certain situations arise. An Agent is not permitted to see the targets before shooting the course, and he does not know where they will appear.

After completion of the Surprise Target Course, the Agents are permitted to fire duels with each other. The duelling target equipment is a combination of an electronic device and two specially constructed silhouette targets operated synchronously from horizontal to vertical position by electro-pneumatic means. The men start walking toward the place where the targets are expected. When they appear, the agents draw and fire. The first bullet hitting either of the targets stops a time clock, graduated to a hundredth of a second, to show how long it took the first target to be hit. The first hit on either target neutralizes the electronic device so that it will not register a second hit on either target and the device will differentiate between two bullets striking either or both targets 10 microseconds apart. This course is recognized as an excellent vehicle for firearms training and has taught the value of double-action shooting at 15 and 25 yards from the target. The equipment measures a person's reaction time and shows the limitations of the individual.

FBI Agents' lives have many times been saved by quick and accurate shooting at moving targets. Skeet shooting is used by the FBI for this particular training problem. This type of shotgun training teaches the shoot-

er to handle the gun quickly and safely and to fire from all angles at targets moving in many directions. It develops the kind of controlled relaxation necessary in all kinds of shooting, the effortless coordination of vision, thought, and motion. Shotguns used by Agents for skeet shooting are the same as those used for raids—12-gauge, repeater types, short barreled with a cylinder bore.

A high degree of efficiency has resulted from this intense training in the use of firearms, of proper equipment, and of intensive training in the techniques and mechanics of arrest. Since 1934 when the FBI was given Congressional authority to carry firearms and to make arrests, only eight Special Agents have lost their lives by gunfire from the hands of criminals. During this same period, 28 criminals have been killed resisting arrest. This fine record may be attributed to the requirement that each Agent must refine the weapons course once a month throughout his career.

To pass along this high degree of



weapons training the FBI inaugurated the National Academy in 1935 to give selected police officers from all parts of the nation a 12-week course in police instruction and administration.

The FBI National Academy qualifies every graduate as an instructor or administrator. He is taught the latest methods and trends in crime detection and investigation procedure prepared and presented in such a manner that when the graduate returns to his local agency, he is not only versed in methods of teaching but is prepared to organize and set up police schools.

Each National Academy student gets the same training which is given to Special Agents. In addition, emphasis on problems peculiar to local agencies is stressed.

In its 15 years of service to the nation's police more than 2100 graduates made their knowledge available to more than 100,000 American law enforcement officers through cooperative effort. Men from Scotland Yard, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, mem-

bers of the Philippine Constabulary and the Marine Corps have sent representatives to attend the academy and take home their newly acquired knowledge to be taught to others.

This mass distribution of police techniques through the FBI National Academy has formed the basis for the finest cooperative law enforcement network in the world. It has paid dividends in lives and efficiency.

When an FBI Agent finds himself in an isolated community, faced with the apprehension of a dangerous Federal fugitive, he may need men desperately. He may need additional fire power. He knows he can get this help from other branches of law enforcement agencies. In turn, the FBI offers its complete facilities, free, to all branches of law enforcement.

Boot camp for new Agents (except for base pay) is like Marine recruit training in many respects. A boot Agent pulls no mess duty but he makes his own sack, keeps the bright work polished, and trims the grass on the firing range. He works six days a week, checks in and out for liberty—if he's up on his studies—and has to account for his whereabouts at all times. This accounting is not restricted to boot training. An Agent, like a doctor, has to keep his whereabouts posted with his office throughout his career. Movies, shopping tours, and holiday jaunts must be recorded with a field office.

In addition to the superior weapons training, a new Agent must learn to be at home in any strata of society. He may have to operate at a cocktail party or in a Bowery dive. He must be able to conduct investigations of a confidential nature, covering a wide range of subjects. He learns to be tactful, use judgement, resourcefulness and initiative. When he has secured his evidence he must be able to prepare it for orderly presentation to the prosecuting officer of the Government and in Federal court.

In a room at the Department of Justice hangs the great blue and gold seal of the FBI. Engraved on the crown of the seal are the words, "Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity."

The word "Persistence" could well be added to this motto of the FBI, for any Agent will tell you that it's dogged determination and unceasing attention to details that get results.

Kennie Wagner, hillbilly gunman and murderer who shot and killed five police officers shared this view. A few hours after his arrest by FBI Agents, Wagner squinted through the bars of a prison cell at Lynchburg, Va., and remarked to a fellow prisoner: "It's a mistake to break a Federal law. They'll hunt you down for a thousand years."

END



# The **Leatherneck Bookshop** *features . . .*

## Famous American Marines

By Charles Lee Lewis L. C.  
Page & Co. \$3.75

"SO many heroic characters have adorned the pages of Marine Corps History," writes Mr. Charles Lee Lewis, "that it has been difficult to choose a limited number as subjects for biographical sketches." In spite of the difficulty involved, the scholarly professor of the U.S. Naval Academy has managed to compress what he calls "a more or less complete history of this remarkable body of fighting men" into some 355 pages of excellent reading.

Mr. Lewis does not fictionalize our history, but his research has been so thorough that he can present the color, the smell, the emotion of past events with a great deal of realism. His book is the cream of all the historical works on the Marine Corps, and his method of presentation is ideal: that of selecting one central char-

acter for each stage setting in our military past, one man intimately connected with the making of that history.

The author borrows freely from personal correspondence, official reports and, wherever possible, the private letters of the man involved. For instance in his chapter devoted to Daniel Carmick and the War of 1812, Mr. Lewis allows the central character to describe a duel between a naval officer and a Marine. Carmick writes in his report to Major W. W. Burrows "I was a witness to a scene that I shall ever remember, that of being obliged to see a brother officer's heart cut out."

The welding of history and biography is accomplished neatly. Marines, little known now, have been included. John Marshall Gamble who had possibly the most

adventurous role in the War of 1812; Archibald Gillespie, who, in a spy-thriller, was instrumental in the conquest of California; Jacob Zeilin and the Expedition to Japan; Charles Heywood and the Civil War. And this is combined with well known Marine personalities such as Smedley Butler—"Old Gimlet Eye" and John Archer Lejeune and the Second Division. For the War II period, Mr. Lewis has admirably selected three renowned Marines: Alexander Archer Vandegrift (the Solomons); Holland McTyeire Smith (Tarawa, Saipan and Iwo Jima); and Roy Stanley Geiger, a flying Marine.

For those interested in a history of the Marine Corps, personalized by the lives of the men who helped make it, "Famous American Marines" will be a welcome addition to the library. **W.E.M.**

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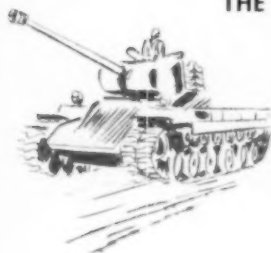
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